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KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KIRSTEEN passed that night at Helensburgh, or Eelensburgh as everybody called it, and next day arrived at Glasgow a little after noon. She had the address there of a friend of Marg'ret where she would once again find herself in the serenity of a private house. She seemed to herself to have been living for a long time in public places—in houses where men could come in to drink or any stranger find a shelter, and almost to have known no other life but that of wandering solitude, continual movement, and the consciousness of having no home or refuge to which she belonged. Kirsteen had never made a day's journey in her life before that dreadful morning when she set out in the dark, leaving all that was known and comprehensible behind her. She had never been in an inn, which was to her something of a bad place given over to revellings and dissipation, and profane noise and laughter, the "crackling of thorns under the pot." These ideas modify greatly even with a single night's experience of a quiet shelter and a kind hostess—but she looked forward to the decent woman's house to which Marg'ret's recommendation would admit her, with the longing of a wanderer long launched upon the dreary publicity of a traveller's life, and feeling all the

instincts of keen exclusivism, which belonged in those days to poorer Scotch gentry, jarred and offended at every turn. To find the house of Marg'ret's friend was not easy in the great grimy city which was Kirsteen's first experience of a town. The crowded streets and noises confused her altogether at first. Such visions of ugliness and dirt, the squalid look of the high houses, the strange groups some so rich and well-to-do, some so miserable and wretched, that crowded the pavements, had never entered into her imagination before. They made her sick at heart; and London, people said, was bigger (if that were possible) and no doubt more dreadful still! Oh that it could all turn out a dream from which she might wake to find herself once more by the side of the linn, with the roar of the water, and no sickening clamour of ill tongues in her ear! But already the linn, and the far-off life by its side were away from her as if they had passed centuries ago.

She found the house at last with the help of a ragged laddie upon whose tangled mass of nondescript garments Kirsteen looked with amazement, but who was willing apparently to go to the end of the world for the sixpence which had been saved from the tramp. It was in a large and grimy "land" not far from Glasgow Green, a great block of buildings inhabited by count-

less families, each of which had some different trace of possession at its special window—clothes hanging to dry, or beds to air, or untidy women and girls lolling out. The common stair, which admitted to all these different apartments, was in a condition which horrified and disgusted the country girl. Her courage almost failed her when she stepped within the black portals, and contemplated the filthy steps upon which children were playing, notwithstanding all its horrors, and down the well of which came sounds of loud talking, calls of women from floor to floor and scraps of conversation maintained at the highest pitch of vigorous lungs. "It's up at the very top," said the urchin who was her guide. Kirsteen's expectations sank lower and lower as she ascended. There were two doors upon each stair-head, and often more than one family enclosed within these subdivisions, all full of curiosity as to the stranger who invaded their grimy world with a clean face and tidy dress. "She'll be some charity ledly seeking pennies for the puir folk." "We hae mair need to get pennies than to give them." "She'll be gaun to see Allison Wabster, the lass that's in a decline." "She'll be a visitor for Justin Macgregor, the proud Hieland besom, that's ower grand for the like of us." These were the pleasant words that accompanied her steps from floor to floor. Kirsteen set it all down to the score of the dreadful town in which every evil thing flourished, and with a sad heart and great discouragement pushed her way to the highest story, which was cleaner than below though all the evil smells rose and poisoned the air which had no outlet. The right-hand door was opened to her hurriedly before she could knock, and an old woman with a large mutch upon her head and a tartan shawl on her shoulders came out to meet her. "Ye'll be the ledly from Loch Fyne," she said with a homely curtesy. "Come ben, my bonny ledly, come ben."

After the purgatory of the stair

Kirsteen found herself in a paradise of cleanliness and order, in a little lantern of light and brightness. There were three small rooms—a kitchen, a parlour so called, with a concealed bed which made it fit for the combined purposes of a sleeping and living room, and the bedroom proper into which she was immediately conducted, and which was furnished with a tent-bed, hung with large-patterned chintz, each flower about the size of a warming-pan, and with a clean knitted white quilt which was the pride of Jean Macgregor's heart. There was a concealed bed in this room too, every contrivance being adopted for the increase of accommodation. Perhaps concealed beds are still to be found in the much-divided "lands" in which poor tenants congregate in the poorer parts of Glasgow. They were formed by a sort of closet completely filled by the spars and fittings of a bed, and closed in by a dismal door, thus securing the exclusion of all air from the hidden sleeping-place.

The decent woman, who was Marg'ret's old friend, took Kirsteen's bundle from her hands, and opening it, spread out the contents on the bed.

"I'll just hang them out before the fire to give them air, and take out the creases. And, mem, I hope you'll make yoursel' at home and consider a' here as your ain."

"Did ye know I was coming?" said Kirsteen, surprised.

"Only this morning. I got a scart of the pen from Marg'ret Brown, that is my cousin and a great friend, though I have not seen her this twenty years. She said it was one o' the family, a young ledly that had to travel to London, and no man nor a maid could be spared to gang with her; and I was to see ye into the coach, and take good care of ye; and that I will, my bonny ledly, baith for her sake, and because ye've a kind face of your ain that makes a body fain."

In the relief of this unexpected reception, and after the misery of the

approach to it which had sunk Kirsteen's courage, she sat down and cried a little for pleasure. "I am glad ye think I've a kind face, for oh, I have felt just like a reprobate, hating everything I saw," she cried. "It's all so different—so different—from home."

Home had been impossible a few days ago; it looked like heaven—though a heaven parted from her by an entire lifetime—now.

"Weel," said the old woman, "we canna expect that Glasco, a miserable, black, dirty town as ever was, can be like the Hielands with its bonny hills and its bright sun. But, my honey, if ye let me say sae, there's good and bad in baith places, and Glasco's no so ill as it looks. Will ye lie down and take a bit rest, now you're here—or will I make ye a cup of tea? The broth will not be ready for an hour. If I had kent sooner I would have got ye a chuckie or something mair delicate; but there wasna time."

Kirsteen protested that she neither wanted rest nor tea, and would like the broth, which was the natural everyday food, better than anything. She came into the parlour and sat down looking out from the height of her present elevation upon the green below, covered with white patches in the form of various washings which the people near had the privilege of bleaching on the grass. The abundant, sweet air so near the crowded and noisy streets, the freedom of that sudden escape from the dark lands and houses, the unlooked-for quiet and cheerful prospect stirred up her spirit. The lasses going about with bare feet, threading their way among the lines of clothes, sprinkling them with sparkling showers of water which dazzled in the sun, awakened the girl's envy as she sat with her hands crossed in her lap. A flock of mill-girls were crossing the green to their work at one of the cotton-factories. They were clothed in petticoats and short gowns, or bedgowns as they are called in England, bound round their waists with a trim white apron.

Some of them had tartan shawls upon their shoulders. A number of them were barefooted, but one and all had shining and carefully dressed hair done up in elaborate plaits and braids. Kirsteen's eyes followed them with a sort of envy. They were going to their work, they were carrying on the common tenor of their life, while she sat there arrested in everything. "I wish," she said, with a sigh, "I had something to do."

"The best thing you can do is just to rest. Ye often do not find the fatigue of a journey," said Mrs. Macgregor, "till it's over. Ye'll be more and more tired as the day goes on, and ye'll sleep fine at night."

With these and similar platitudes the old woman soothed her guest; and Kirsteen soothed her soul as well as she could to quiet, though now when the first pause occurred she felt more and more the eagerness to proceed, the impossibility of stopping short. To cut herself adrift from all the traditions of her life in order to rest in this little parlour, even for a day, and look out upon the bleaching of the clothes, and the mill-girls going to work, had the wildest inappropriateness in it. She seized upon the half-knitted stocking, without which in those days no good housewife was complete, and occupied her hands with that. But towards evening another subject was introduced, which delivered Kirsteen at once from the mild ennui of this compulsory pause.

"Ye'll maybe no ken," said the old woman, "that there is one in Glasco that you would like weel to see?"

"One in Glasgow?" Kirsteen looked up with a question in her eyes. "No doubt there is many a one in Glasgow that I would be proud to see; but I cannot think of company nor of what I like when I'm only in this big place for a day."

"It's no that, my bonny ledy. It's one that if you're near sib to the Douglasses, and Meg does not say how near ye are, would be real thankfu' just of one glint of your e'e."

"I am near, very near," said Kirsteen, with a hot colour rising over her. She dropped the knitting in her lap, and fixed her eyes upon her companion's face. She had already a premonition who it was of whom she was to hear.

"Puir thing," said Mrs. Macgregor, "she hasna seen one of her own kith and kin this mony a day. She comes to me whiles for news. And she'll sit and smile and say, 'Have ye any news from Marg'ret, Mrs. Macgregor?' never letting on that her heart's just sick for word of her ain kin."

"You are perhaps meaning—Anne," said Kirsteen, scarcely above her breath.

"I'm meaning Mrs. Dr. Dewar," said the old woman. "I think that's her name—the one that marriet and was cast off by her family because he was just a doctor and no a grand gentleman. Oh, missie, that's a hard, hard thing to do! I can understand a great displeasure, and that a difference might be made for a time. But to cut off a daughter—as if she were a fremd person, never to see her or name her name, oh, that's hard, hard! It may be right for the Lord to do it, that kens the heart (though I have nae faith in that), but no for sinful, erring man."

"Mrs. Macgregor," said Kirsteen, "you will remember that it's my—my near relations you are making remarks upon."

"And that's true," said the old lady. "I would say nothing to make ye think less of your nearest and dearest—and that maybe have an authority over ye that Scripture bids ye aye respect. I shouldna have said it; but the other—the poor young leddy—is she no your near relation too?"

Kirsteen had known vaguely that her sister was supposed to be in Glasgow, which was something like an aggravation of her offence: for to live among what Miss Eelen called the fremd in a large town was the sort of unprincipled preference of evil to good which was to be expected from a girl

who had married beneath her; but to find herself confronted with Anne was a contingency which had never occurred to her. At home she had thought of her sister with a certain awe mingled with pity. There was something in the banishment, the severance, the complete effacing of her name and image from all the family records, which was very impressive to the imagination, and brought an ache of compassion into the thought of her, which nobody ventured to express. Kirsteen had been very young, too young to offer any judgment independent of her elders, upon Anne's case when she had gone away. But she had cried over her sister's fate often, and wondered in her heart whether they would ever meet, or any amnesty ever be pronounced that would restore poor Anne, at least nominally, to her place in the family. But it had not entered into her mind to suppose that she herself should ever be called upon to decide that question, to say practically, so far as her authority went, whether Anne was to be received or not. She kept gazing at her hostess with a kind of dismay, unable to make any reply. Anne—who had married a man who was not a gentleman, who had run away, leaving the candle dying in the socket. A strong feeling against that family traitor rose up in Kirsteen's breast. She had compromised them all—she had connected the name of the old Douglasses, the name of the boys in India, with a name that was no name, that of a common person—a doctor, one that traded upon his education and his skill. There was a short but sharp struggle in her heart. She had run away herself, but it was for a very different reason. All her prejudices, which were strong, and the traditions of her life were against Anne. It was with an effort that she recovered the feeling of sympathy which had been her natural sentiment. "She is my near relation, too. But she disobeyed them that she ought to have obeyed."

"Oh, missie, there are ower many of us who do that."

Kirsteen raised her head more proudly than ever. She gave the old woman a keen look of scrutiny. Did she know what she was saying? Anyhow, what did it matter? "But if we do it, we do it for different reasons—not to be happy, as they call it, in a shameful way."

"Oh, shameful—na, na! It's a lawful and honest marriage, and he's a leal and a true man."

"It was shameful to her family," cried Kirsteen doubly determined. "It was forgetting all that was most cherished. I may be sorry for her—" she scarcely was so in the vigour of her opposition—"but I cannot approve her." Kirsteen held her head very high and her mouth closed as if it had been made of iron. She looked no gentle sister but an unyielding judge.

"Weel, weel," said the old woman with a sigh, "it's nae business of mine. I would fain have let her have a glimpse, puir thing, of some one belonging to her; but if it's no to be done its nane of my affairs, and I needna fash my thoom. We'll say no more about it. There's going to be a bonny sunset if we could but see it. Maybe you would like to take a walk and see a little of the town."

Kirsteen consented, and then drew back, for who could tell that she might not meet some one who would recognise her. Few as were the people she knew, she had met one on the wild hillsides above Loch Long, and there was no telling who might be in Glasgow, a town which was a kind of centre to the world. She sat at the window, and looked out upon the women getting in their clothes from the grass where they had been bleaching, and on all the groups about the green—children playing, bigger lads contending with their footballs. The sky became all aglow with the glory of the winter sunset, then faded into gray, and light began to gleam in the high windows. Day passed, and night, the early, falling, long-continuing

night, descended from the skies. Kirsteen sat in the languor of fatigue and in a curious strangeness remote and apart from everything about as in a dream. It was like a dream altogether—the strange little house so near to the skies, the opening of the broad green space underneath and the groups upon it—place and people alike unknown to her, never seen before, altogether unrelated to her former life—yet she herself introduced here as an honoured guest, safe and sheltered, and surrounded by watchful care. But for Marg'ret she must have fought her way as she could, or sunk into a dreadful obedience. Obedience! that was what she had been blaming her sister for failing in, she who had so failed herself. She sat and turned it over and over in her mind while the light faded out from the sky. The twilight brought softening with it. She began to believe that perhaps there were circumstances extenuating. Anne had been very young, younger than Kirsteen was now, and lonely, for her sisters were still younger than she, without society. And no doubt the man would be kind to her. She said nothing while the afternoon passed, and the tea was put on the table. But afterwards when Mrs. Macgregor was washing the china cups, she asked suddenly, "Would it be possible if a person desired it, to go to that place where the lady you were speaking of, Mrs. Dr.—? If you think she would like to see me I might go."

CHAPTER XIX.

If it was strange to sit at that window looking out over the world unknown, and feel herself an inmate of the little house so different from everything she had ever seen, the guest and companion of the old woman whose very name she had never heard till a few days before, it was still more strange to be in the thronged and noisy streets full of people, more people than Kirsteen had supposed to be in the world, under the glaring of the

lights that seemed to her to mock the very day itself, though they were few enough in comparison with the blaze of illumination to which we are now accustomed—going through the strange town in the strange night to see Anne. That was the climax of all the strangeness. Anne, whose name was never named at home, whom everybody remembered all the more intensely because it was forbidden to refer to her. Anne, who had gone away from her father's house in the night leaving the candle flaring out in the socket and the chill wind blowing in through the open door. That scene had always been associated in Kirsteen's mind with her sister's name, and something of the flicker of the dying candle was in the blowing about of the lights along the long range of the Trongate, above that babel of noises and ever shifting phantasmagoria of a great city. She could not make any reply to the old woman who walked beside her, full of stories and talk, pointing out to her a church or a building here and there. Kirsteen went through a little pantomime of attention, looking where she was told to look, but seeing nothing, only a confused panorama of crowded dark outlines and wind-blown lights, and nothing that she could understand.

At length they struck into a long line of monotonous street where there were no shops and no wayfarers, but some lamps which flickered wildly, more and more like the dying candle. Mrs. Macgregor told her the name of the street, and explained its length and beauty, and how it had been built, and that it was a very genteel street, where some of the bailies and a number of the ministers lived. "The houses are dear," she said, "and no doubt it was a fight for Dr. Dewar to keep up a house in such a genteel place. But they external things are of great consequence to a doctor," she added. Kirsteen was dazed and overawed by the line of the grim houses looming between her and the dark sky, and by the flaring of the wild lights, and the long stretch of darkness which the

scanty unavailing lamps did not suffice to make visible. And her heart began to beat violently when her guide stopped at a door which opened invisibly from above at their summons and clanged behind them, and revealed a dark stair with another windy lamp faintly lighting it, a stair in much better order than the dreadful one where Mrs. Macgregor was herself living, but looking like a gloomy cleft among the dark walls. Now that she had come so far, Kirsteen would fain have turned back or delayed the visit to which she seemed to be driven reluctantly by some impulse that was not her own. Was it not an aggravation of her own rebellion that she should thus come secretly to the former rebel, she who had been discarded by the family and shut out from its records? She shrank from the sight of the house in which poor Anne had found refuge, and of the husband who was a common person, not one of their own kind. Drumcarro at his fiercest could not have recoiled more from a common person than his runaway daughter, whose object it was to establish herself with a mantua-maker in London. But Kirsteen felt her own position unspeakably higher than that of her sister.

She followed her companion tremulously into the little dark vestibule. "Oh, ay, the mistress is in: where would she be but in, and hearing the bairns say their bits of lessons?" said an active little maid who admitted them, pointing to the glow of ruddy firelight which proceeded from an inner door. And before she was aware Kirsteen found herself in the midst of a curious and touching scene. She had not heard anything about children, so that the sight so unexpected of two little things seated on the hearth-rug, as she remembered herself to have sat in her early days under Anne's instructions, gave her a little shock of surprise and quick-springing kindness. They were two little roundabout creatures of three and four, with little round rosy faces faintly reddened by the flicker-

ing light, which shone in the soft glow, their hair half-flaxen, half-golden. Their chubby hands were crossed in their laps. Their mother knelt in front of them, herself so girlish still, her soft yellow hair matured into brown, her face and figure fuller than of old, teaching them with one hand raised. "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" she was saying: "Dentle Desus, meet and mild" said the little pupils: "listen to a little child." There was no lamp or candle in the room: nothing but the firelight. The two dark figures in their out-door dresses stood behind in the shadow, while all the light concentrated in this family group. The mother was so absorbed in her teaching that she continued without noticing their entrance.

"You are not saying it right, Dunny; and Kirsty, my pet, you must try and say it like me—Gentle Jesus."

"Dentle Desus," said the little ones with assured and smiling incorrectness incapable of amendment. Kirsteen saw them through a mist of tears. The name of the baby on the hearth had completed the moving effect of old recollections and of the familiarity of the voice and action of the young mother. The voice had a plaintive tone in it, as so many voices of Scotchwomen have. She stood behind in the background, the rays of the fire taking a hundred prismatic tints as she looked at them through the tears upon her eyelashes. Her heart was entirely melted, forgetful of everything but that this was Anne, the gentle elder sister who had taught her childhood too.

"I have brought a young leddy to see you, Mrs. Dewar," said the old woman. Anne sprang up to her feet at the sound of the voice.

"I did not hear anybody come in," she said. "I was hearing them their hymn to say to their papa to-morrow. Is it you, Mrs. Macgregor? You're kind to come out this cold night. Dunny, tell Janet she must put ye to your bed, for I'm busy with friends."

"Na," said the old lady, "we'll not interrupt. I'm going ben to say a word to Janet mysel'. And she'll no interrupt you putting your bairns to their bed."

She drew Kirsteen forward into the influence of the firelight, and herself left the room, leaving the sisters together. Anne stood for a little gazing curiously at the silent figure. She was puzzled and at a loss; the black silk spencer, the beaver bonnet, were common enough articles of dress, and the big veil that hung like a cloud over Kirsteen's bonnet kept the face in the shade. "Do I know ye?" she said going timidly forward. Then with a cry, "Is it Kirsteen?"

The little children sat still on the hearth-rug with their little fat hands crossed in their laps; they were not concerned by the convulsions that might go on over their heads. They laughed at the glancing firelight and at each other in one of those still moments of babyhood which come now and then in the midst of the most riotous periods; they had wandered off to the edge of the country from whence they came. When the two sisters fell down on their knees by the side of the little ones, the mother showing her treasures, the young aunt making acquaintance with them, the rosy little faces continued to smile serenely upon the tears and suppressed passion. "This is Kirsty that I called after you, Kirsteen." "But oh, ye mean for my mother, Anne?" "Kirsty, me!" said little three-year old, beating her breast to identify the small person named. "She's Kistina; I'm Duncan," said the little boy who was a whole year older, but did not generally take the lead in society. "They are like two little birdies in a nest," said Kirsteen; "oh! the bonnie little heads like gold—and us never to know."

"Will I send them to Janet, or will ye help me to put them to their bed?" said the proud mother. For a moment she remembered nothing but the delight of exhibiting their little

round limbs, their delightful gambols, for so soon as the children rose from that momentary abstraction they became riotous again and filled the room with their "flichterin' noise and glee." "I never light the candles till David comes in," Anne said apologetically. "What do I want with more light? For the bairns are just all I can think of; they will not let me sew my seam, they are just a woman's work at that restless age." She went on with little complaints which were boasts as Kirsteen looked on and wondered at the skilled and careful manipulation of her sister's well-accustomed hands. The bedroom to which the group was transferred was like the parlour lighted only by the fire, and the washing and undressing proceeded while Anne went on with the conversation, telling how Dunny was "a rude boy," and Kirsty a "very stirring little thing," and "just a handful." "I have enough to do with them, and with making and mending for them, if I had not another thing on my hands," said Anne; "they are just a woman's work." Kirsteen sat and looked on in the ruddy flickering light with strange thoughts. Generally the coming on of motherhood is gradual, and sisters and friends grow into a sort of amateur share in it. But to come suddenly from the image of Anne who had left the house-door open and the candle dying in the socket, to Anne the cheerful mother kissing the rosy limbs and round faces, her pretty hair pulled by the baby hands, her proud little plaints of the boy that was "rude" and the girl that was "very stirring," was the most curious revelation to Kirsteen. It brought a little blush and uneasiness along with affection and pleasure, her shy maidenhood shrinking even while warm sympathy filled her heart.

When the children were in bed, the sisters returned to the parlour, where Kirsteen was installed in the warmest corner by the fire. "Would you like the candles lighted? I aye leave it till David comes home: he says I sit

like a hoodie crow in the dark," said Anne. There was a soft tone in her voice which told that David was a theme as sweet to her as the children; but Kirsteen could not bring herself to ask any questions about the doctor, who was a common person, and one who had no right ever to have intruded himself into the Douglasses' august race. Anne continued for a time to give further details of the children, how they were "a little disposed to take the cold," and about the troubles there had been with their teeth, all happily surmounted, thanks to David's constant care. "If ye ever have little bairns, Kirsteen, ye will know what a comfort it is to have a doctor in the house."

"I don't know about the bairns, but I am sure I never will have the doctor," said Kirsteen in haste and unwarily, not thinking what she said.

"And what for no?" said Anne, holding herself very erect. "Ye speak like an ignorant person, like one of them that has a prejudice against doctors. There's no greater mistake."

"I was meaning no such thing," cried Kirsteen eagerly.

"Well, ye spoke like it," said Anne. "And where would we all be without doctors? It's them that watches over failing folk, and gives back fathers and mothers to their families, and snatches our bonny darlings out of the jaws of death. Eh! if ye knew as much about doctors as I know about them," she cried with a panting breath.

"I am sorry if I said anything that was not ceevil," said Kirsteen; "it was without meaning. Doctors have never done anything for my mother," she added with an impulse of self-justification.

"And whose blame is that? I know what David ordered her—and who ever tried to get it for her? He would have taken her to his own house, and nursed her as if she had been his own mother," cried Anne with heat.

Kirsteen with difficulty suppressed the indignation that rose to her lips.

"Him presume to consider my mother as if she were his own!" Kirsteen cried within herself. "He was a bonny one!" And there fell a little silence between the two sisters seated on opposite sides of the fire.

After a while Anne spoke again, hesitating, bending across the lively blaze. "Were ye, maybe, coming," she said with an effort, "to tell me—to bring me a—message?"

Kirsteen saw by the dancing light her sister's eyes full of tears. She had thought she was occupied only by the babies and the changed life, but when she saw the beseeching look in Anne's eyes, the quivering of her mouth, the eager hope that this visit meant an overture of reunion, Kirsteen's heart was sore.

"Alack," she said, "I have no message. I am just like you, Annie. I have left my home and all in it. I'm a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Kirsteen!" Anne sprang to her sister and clasped her in her arms. "Oh, my bonny woman! Oh, my Kirsty!" She pressed Kirsteen's head to her breast in a rapture of sympathetic feeling. "Oh, I'm sorry and I'm glad. I canna tell ye all my feelings. Have ye brought him with you? Where is he, and who is he, Kirsteen?"

Kirsteen disengaged herself almost roughly and with great though suppressed offence from her sister's arms. "If ye think there is any he in the matter, ye are greatly mistaken," she said. "If ye think I would take such a step for such a motive."

Anne drew back wounded too. "Ye need not speak so stern—I did it myself, and I would not be the one to blame you. And if there's a better reason I don't know what it is. What reason can a young lass have to leave her hame, except that there's one she likes better, and that she's bid to follow, forsaking her father and mother, in the very Scripture itself."

Mrs. Dr. Dewar returned to her seat—throwing back her head with an indignant sense of the highest war-

rant for her own conduct. But when she resumed her seat, Anne began to say softly: "I thought you had come to me with maybe a word of kindness. I thought that maybe my mother—was yearning for a sight of me as me for her—and to see my bairns. Oh, it would do her heart good to see the bairns! It would add on years to her life. What are ye all thinking of that ye cannot see that she's dwining and pining for a pleasant house and a cheerful life? David said it before—and he was most willing to be at all the charges—but they would not listen to him, and no doubt it's a great deal worse now."

"If you are meaning my mother, she is no worse," said Kirsteen. "She is just about the same. Robbie has gone away to India like the rest; and she just bore it as well as could be expected. I have not heard," said the girl, feeling the corners of her mouth quiver and a choking in her throat, "how she's borne this."

Both of them had the feeling that their own departure must have affected the invalid more strongly than any other.

"But she has not heard about your children, Anne. She would have said something."

Anne's lips were quivering too. She was much wounded by this assertion. She shook her head. "My mother's no one," she said, "that tells everything—especially what's nearest to her heart. Ye may be sure she knows—but she wouldna maybe be ready to speak of it to young lasses like you."

Kirsteen thought this argument feeble, but she said nothing in reply.

"And so Robbie's away," said Anne. "He was just a bit laddie that I put to his bed like my own. Eh, but time goes fast, when ye hear of them growing up that ye can mind when they were born. I tell David our own will just be men and women before we think." This thought brought a smile to her face, and much softening of the disappointment. "Oh, but I

would like my mother to see them!" she said.

Kirsteen reflected a little bitterly that this was all Anne thought of, that her curiosity about her sister had dropped at once, and that the children and the wish that her mother should see them—which was nothing but pride—was all that occupied Anne's thoughts. And there ensued another pause; they sat on either side of the fire with divided hearts, Anne altogether absorbed in her own thoughts of the past and present, of her old girlish life which had been full of small oppressions, and of her present happiness, and the prosperous and elevated position of a woman with a good man and bairns of her own, which was her proud and delightful consciousness, and which only wanted to be seen and recognised by her mother to make it perfect. Kirsteen on her side felt this superiority as an offence. She knew that her mother had "got over" Anne's departure, and was not at all taken up by imaginations concerning her and her possible children—though she could not but recognise the possibility that her own slight might have a much more serious effect, and she sat by her sister's hearth with a jealous, proud sensation of being very lonely, and cut away from everything. She said to herself that it was foolish, nay, wrong to have come, and that it was not for her to have thus encouraged the bringing down of her father's house. There was no such thing she proudly felt in her own case.

Suddenly Anne rose up, and lifting two candlesticks from the mantelpiece placed them on the table, "I hear David's step," she said with a beaming face.

"Then I will just be going," said Kirsteen.

"Why should ye go? Will ye no wait and see my husband? Maybe you think Dr. Dewar is not good enough to have the honour of meeting with the like of you. I can tell you my husband is as well respected as any in Glasgow,

and his name is a kent name where the Douglasses' was never heard."

"That can scarcely be in Scotland," cried Kirsteen proudly, "not even in Glasgow. Fare ye well, Anne. I'm glad to have seen ye." She paused for a moment with a shake in her voice and added hurriedly, "and the bairns."

"Oh, Kirsteen!" cried Anne rushing to her side, "Oh Kirsteen, bide! Oh bide and see him! Ye will never be sorry to have made friends with my man."

"Who is that, Anne," said a voice behind them, "that ye are imploring in such a pitiful tone to bide? Is it some unfriend of mine?"

"No unfriend, Dr. Dewar," said Kirsteen turning round upon him, "but a stranger that has little to do here."

"It is one of your sisters, Anne!"

"It's Kirsteen," cried Anne with wet eyes. "Oh David, make her stay."

CHAPTER XX.

DR. DEWAR was a man of whose appearance his wife had reason to be proud. None of the long-descended Douglasses were equal to him either in physical power or in good looks. He was tall and strong, he had fine hands, a physician's hands full of delicacy yet force, good feet, all the signs that are supposed to represent race—though he was of no family whatever, the son of a shopkeeper, not fit to appear in the same room in which ladies and gentlemen were. Kirsteen had stopped short at sight of him, and there can be no doubt that she had been much surprised. In former times she had indeed seen him as her mother's doctor, but she had scarcely noticed the visitor, who was of no interest to a girl of her age. And his rough country dress had not been imposing like the black suit which now gave dignity and the air of a gentleman which Kirsteen had expected to find entirely wanting in her sister's husband. His somewhat pale face, large featured, rose with a sort of

distinction from the ample many-folded white neck-cloth, appropriate title! which enveloped his throat. He looked at the visitor with good-humoured scrutiny, shading his eyes from the scanty light of the candles. "My wife is so economical about her lights," he said, "that I can never see who is here, though I would fain make myself agreeable to Anne's friends. Certainly, my dear, I will do what is in me to make your sister bide. I would fain hope it is a sign of amity to see ye here to-night, Miss Kirsteen."

"No," said Kirsteen, "it is not a sign of amity. It was only that I was in Glasgow, and thought I would like to see her—at least," she added "I will not take to myself a credit I don't deserve. It was Mrs. Macgregor put it into my head."

"Well, well," said Dr. Dewar, "so long as you are here we will not quarrel about how it was. It will have been a great pleasure to Anne to see you. Are the bairns gone to their beds, my dear?"

"They're scarcely sleeping yet," said Anne smiling at her husband with tender triumph. "Go ben," she said putting one of the candlesticks into his hand, "and see them; for I know that's what has brought ye in so soon—not for me but the weans."

"For both," he said pressing her hand like a lover as he took the candle from it. Anne was full of silent exultation for she had remarked Kirsteen's little start of surprise and noticed that she said nothing more of going away, "Well?" she said eagerly, when he had disappeared.

"Well,"—said Kirsteen, "I never heard that Dr. Dewar was not a very personable man, and well-spoken. It will maybe be best for me to be getting home, before it's very late."

"Will ye no stay, Kirsteen, and break bread in my house? You might do that and say nothing about it. It would be no harm to hide an innocent thing that was just an act of kindness, when you get home. If I am never to get more from my own family," cried

Anne, "but to be banished and disowned as if I were an ill woman, surely a sister that is young and should have some kind thought in her heart, might do that. Ye need say nothing of it when you get home."

"I will maybe never get home more," said Kirsteen overcome at last by the feeling of kindred and the need of sympathy.

"Oh, lassie," cried Anne, "what have ye done? What have ye done!—And where are ye going?—If ye have left your home ye shall bide here. It's my right to take care of you, if ye have nobody else to take care of ye, no Jean Macgregor, though she's very respectable, but me your elder sister. And that will be the first thing David will say."

"I am much obliged to you," said Kirsteen, "but you must not trouble your head about me. I'm going to London—to friends I have there."

"To London!" cried Anne. There was more wonder in her tone than would be expressed now if America had been the girl's destination. "And you have friends there!"

Kirsteen made a lofty sign of assent. She would not risk herself by entering into any explanations. "It's a long journey," she said, "and a person never can tell if they will ever win back. If you are really meaning what you say, and that I will not be in your way nor the doctor's I will thankfully bide and take a cup of tea with ye—for it's not like being among strangers when I can take your hand—and give a kiss to your little bairns before I go."

Anne came quickly across the room and took her sister in her arms, and cried a little upon her shoulder. "I'm real happy," she said sobbing; "ye see the bairns, what darlins' they are—and there never was a better man than my man; but eh! I just yearn sometimes for a sight of home, and my poor mother. If she is weakly, poor body, and cannot stand against the troubles of this world, still she's just my mother, and I would rather have a touch of her hand than all the siller in

Glasgow—and eh, what she would give to see the bairns!”

Kirsteen, who was herself very tremulous, here sang in a broken voice, for she too had begun to realise that she might never again see her mother, a snatch of her favourite song :

True loves ye may get many an ane
But minnie ne'er anither.

“No, I'll not say that,” said Anne. “I'll not be so untrue to my true love—but oh, my poor minnie! how is she, Kirsteen? Tell me everything, and about Marg'ret and the laddies and all.”

When Dr. Dewar entered he found the two sisters seated close together, clinging to each other, laughing and crying in a breath, over the domestic story which Kirsteen was telling. The sole candle twinkled on the table kindly like a friendly spectator, the fire blazed and crackled cheerfully, the room in the doctor's eyes looked like the home of comfort and happy life. He was pleased that one of Anne's family should see how well off she was. It was the best way he felt sure to bring them to acknowledge her, which was a thing he professed to be wholly indifferent to. But in his heart he was very proud of having married a Douglas, and he would have received any notice from Drumcarro with a joy perhaps more natural to the breeding of his original station than dignified. He felt the superiority of his wife's race in a manner which never occurred to Anne herself, and was more proud of his children on account of the “good Douglas blood” in their veins. “Not that I hold with such nonsense,” he would say with a laugh of pretended disdain. “But there are many that do.” It was not a very serious weakness, but it was a weakness. His face beamed as he came in : though Kirsteen had said that her presence was not a sign of amity he could not but feel that it was, and a great one. For certainly the Laird's opposition must be greatly modified before he would permit his daughter to come here.

“Well,” he said, making them both start, “I see I was not wanted to persuade her to bide. I am very glad to see you in my house, Miss Kirsteen. Ye will be able to tell them at home that Anne is not the victim of an ogre in human form, as they must think, but well enough content with her bargain, eh wife?” He had come up to them, and touched his wife's cheek caressingly with his hands. “Come, come,” he said, “Anne, ye must not greet, but smile at news from home.”

“If I am greetin' it's for pleasure,” said Anne, “to hear about my mother and all of them and to see my bonny Kirsteen.”

“She has grown up a fine girl,” said the doctor looking at her with a professional glance and approving the youthful vigour and spirit which were perhaps more conspicuous in Kirsteen than delicacy of form and grace. Her indignation under this inspection may be supposed. She got up hastily freeing herself from Anne's hold.

“I must not be late,” she said, “there's Mrs. Macgregor waiting.”

“Tell the lass to bring the tea, Anne—if your sister is with friends—”

“I'm telling her that her place is here,” cried Anne, “it is no friends, it is just old Jean Macgregor who is very respectable, but not the person for Kirsteen. And we have a spare room,” she added with pride. “The doctor will hear of none of your concealed beds or dark closets to sleep in. He insists on having a spare room for a friend. And where is there such a friend as your own sister? We will send Jean to bring your things, Kirsteen.”

Kirsteen put a stern negation upon this proposal. “Besides,” she said, “it would be no advantage, for I am going on to London without delay.”

“To London!” cried the doctor, “That's a long journey for ye by yourself. Are you really going alone?”

“I'm told,” said Kirsteen composedly, “that the guards are very attentive, and that nobody meddles

with one that respects herself. I have no fear."

"Well, perhaps there is no fear—not what ye can call fear; for, as you say, a woman is her own best protector, and few men are such fools as to go too far when there's no response. But, my dear young lady, it's a long journey and a weary journey; I wonder that Drumcarro trusted you to go alone; he might have spared a maid, if not a man to go with ye." The doctor's weakness led him to enhance the importance of Drumcarro as if it were a simple matter to send a maid or a man.

"Oh, but Kirsteen says," Anne began, remembering the strange avowal, which she did not at all understand, that her sister had made. Kirsteen took the words out of her mouth.

"It's not as if I were coming back to-day or to-morrow," she said quickly, "and to send any person with me would have been—not possible—I will just keep myself to myself and nobody will harm me."

"I am sure of that," said the doctor cheerfully. "I would not like to be the man that spoke a word displeasing to ye with those eyes of yours. Oh, I'm not complaining; for no doubt ye have heard much harm of me and little good—but ye have given me a look or two, Miss Kirsteen. Does not this speak for me?" he added, raising Anne's face which glowed with pleasure and affection under his touch—"and yon?" pointing to the open door of the room in which the babies slept.

Kirsteen was much confused by this appeal. "It was far from my mind to say anything unceevil," she said, "and in your own house."

"Oh, never mind my own house, it's your house when you're in it. And I would like ye to say whatever comes into your head, for at the end do what you will, my bonny lass, you and me are bound to be friends. Now come, wifie, and give us our tea."

The dining-room in Dr. Dewar's

house was more dignified than the parlour. It was used as his consulting room in the morning, and Kirsteen was impressed by the large mahogany furniture, the huge sideboard, heavy table, and other substantial articles, things which told of comfort and continuance, not to be lightly lifted about or transferred from one place to another. And nothing could be more kind than the doctor who disarmed her at every turn, and took away every excuse for unfriendliness. After the dreadful experiences of her journey, and the forlorn sense she had of being cut off from everything she cared for, this cordial reception ended by altogether overcoming Kirsteen's prejudices, and the talk became as cheerful over the tea as if the young adventurer had indeed been a visitor, received with delight in her sister's house. She went away at last with the old woman greatly against Anne's will who tried every entreaty and remonstrance in vain. "Surely ye like me better than Jean Macgregor," she said. "Oh, Kirsteen, it's far from kind—and the spare room at your disposition, and the kindest welcome—I will let you give the bairns their bath in the morning. Ye shall have them as long as you please," she said with the wildest generosity. It was Dr. Dewar himself who interrupted these entreaties.

"My dear," he said, "Kirsteen has a great deal of sense, she knows very well what's she's doing. If there is a difficulty arisen at home as I'm led to conclude, it will just make matters worse if she's known to be living here."

"I was not thinking of that," cried Kirsteen, feeling the ungenerosity of her motives.

"It may be well that ye should. I would not have you anger your father, neither would Anne for any pleasure of hers. She is in a different position," said the doctor. "She's a married woman, and her father cannot in the nature of things be her chief object. But Kirsteen, my dear, is but a girl in

her father's house, and whatever her heart may say she must not defy him by letting it be known that she's living here. But to-morrow is the Sabbath-day. The coach does not go, even if she were so far left to herself as to wish it; and it could not be ill taken that you should go to the kirk together and spend the day together. And then if ye must go, I will engage a place in the coach for ye and see ye off on Monday morning."

"Oh, I must go, and I almost grudge the Sabbath-day," said Kirsteen. "I am so restless till I'm there. But I must not give you all that trouble."

"It's no trouble. I'll go with ye as far as the coach-office. I wish I was not so busy," said Dr. Dewar with a delightful sense of his own consequence and popularity, and of the good impression it would make. "I would convoy ye to London myself. But a doctor is never at his own disposition," he added, with a shake of his head.

The Sunday which followed was strange yet delightful to Kirsteen. It was like the last day of a sailor on shore before setting forth upon the unknown, but rather of a sailor like Columbus trusting himself absolutely to the sea and the winds, not knowing what awaited him, than the well-guided mariners of modern days with charts for every coast and lighthouses at every turn. Kirsteen looked

On land and sea and shore,
As she might never see them more.

All was strange to her even here, but how much stranger, dark, undeciphered, unknown was that world upon the edge of which she stood, and where there was absolutely nothing to guide her as to what she should encounter! Kirsteen was not quite sure whether she could understand the language which was spoken in London; the ways of the people she was sure she would not understand. Somewhere in the darkness that great city lay as the western world lay before its discoverer. Kirsteen formed an image to herself of something blazing

into the night full of incomprehensible voices and things; and she had all the shrinking yet eagerness of a first explorer not knowing what horrors there might be to encounter, but not his faith in everything good. The Sunday came like a strange dream into the midst of this eagerness yet alarm. She was almost impatient of the interruption, yet was happy in it with the strangest troubled happiness; though it was so real it was bewildering too, it was a glimpse of paradise on the edge of the dark, yet unreal in its pleasure as that vast unknown was unreal. She played with the children, and she heard them say their prayers, the two little voices chiming together, the two cherub faces lifted up, while father and mother sat adoring. It was like something she had seen in a dream—where she was herself present, and yet not present, noting what every one did. For up to this time everything had been familiar in her life—there had been no strangeness, no new views of the relationship of events with which she was too well acquainted to have any room for flights of fancy.

And then this moment of pause, this curious, amusing, beautiful day passed over, and she found herself in the dark of the wintry morning in the street all full of commotion where the coach was preparing to start. She found her brother-in-law (things had changed so that she had actually begun to think of him as her brother-in-law) in waiting for her to put her in her place. Kirsteen's chief sensation in all that crowded, flaring, incomprehensible scene, with the smoky lamps blazing, and the horses pawing and champing, and every one shouting to every one else about, was shame of her bundle and fear lest the well-dressed, carefully-brushed doctor should perceive with what a small provision it was that she was going forth into the unknown. No hope of blinding his eyes with the statement that she was going to friends in London if he saw what her baggage consisted of. He put her, to her surprise, into a comfort-

able corner in the interior of the coach, covering her up with a shawl which he said Anne had sent. "But I was going on the outside," said Kirsteen. "Ye canna do that," he said hastily. "You would get your death of cold, besides there was no place." "Then there is more money to pay," she said feeling for her purse, but with a secret pang, for she was aware how very little money was there. "Nothing at all," he said waving it away, "they are just the same price, or very little difference. Good-bye, Kirsteen, and a good journey to you. A doctor's never at his own disposition." "But the money, I know it's more money." "I have not another moment," cried

the doctor darting away. Was it possible that she was in debt to Dr. Dewar? She had almost sprung after him when Mrs. Macgregor appeared carrying the bundle and put it on Kirsteen's knee. "Here is your bundle, Miss Kirsteen; and here's a little snack for you in a basket." Thank heaven he had not seen the bundle, but had he paid money for her? Was she in debt to Anne's husband, that common person? There was no time, however, to protest or send after him. With a clatter upon the stones, as if a house were falling, and a sound on the trumpet like the day of judgment, the coach quivered, moved and finally got under way.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY OF POPE.¹

It is thirty-five years, as every reviewer has remarked, since the edition undertaken by John Wilson Croker and now completed by Mr. Courthope was announced; but the real beginning of the work that Mr. Courthope brings to a close may be said to date from the papers by Mr. Dilke, of which that announcement was the text. Mr. Dilke's discovery of the Caryll letters may be said to have opened a new chapter in the history of Pope's reputation. By this lucky find, followed up with amazing acuteness and patience, Mr. Dilke was able to clear up several incidents which had baffled all previous biographers; and his success and the piquancy of his discoveries gave an immense stimulus to research into the obscure particulars of Pope's life and the obscure allusions in his poetry. Pope's marvellous intellectual activity and ingenuity, and his persistent habit of mystification in everything relating to himself, made his life and works the best possible field for the exercise of detective skill. By all this the edition now completed has profited. But for Mr. Dilke's researches, and the impulse they gave to investigation, it could never have been what it has become. Mr. Elwin, Mr. Courthope's predecessor, made the most ample acknowledgment of his debt to this enthusiastic volunteer from the outside; and now one of the main interests of the biography which it has fallen to Mr. Courthope to execute is to see how he views Pope's character under the fierce light that has been thrown upon it. The new biographer is in the position of a judge hearing an important case re-opened after the discovery and production of a vast and intricate mass of fresh evidence.

¹ "The Life of Alexander Pope"; by William John Courthope, M.A. London, 1889.

The importance of Mr. Courthope's decision is considerable. The completeness of the new edition must make it the standard for a good while to come, and the accompanying biography has thus a position of great advantage for influencing the general judgment of Pope's character. It is just as well that the biography should have been delayed till the disturbing effects of the new discoveries had passed away, and that the task of judicially weighing and summing up should have fallen to one whose judgment has not been biased by the first shock of damaging revelations, and whose temper has not been exasperated by the worry of tracking the man of many mysteries through the perplexing details of his subtle little plots and manœuvres. It is just as well that Mr. Elwin's place was taken by Mr. Courthope before the stage of passing final judgment was reached. Mr. Elwin had great merits as a critic; it would be most unjust not to acknowledge the excellence of his editorial work. He spared no pains in research; he passed over no difficulty; and he took as much trouble to make his statements clear and concise as he did to make his information accurate. In his notes and introductions he gave a very fair and full representation of the commentaries of previous authorities. His own judgments on critical points were perhaps too uniformly hostile and unsympathetic; but they could never be accused of haste, and they were always backed by well considered and closely expressed reasons. Perhaps an unfair impression of his want of sympathy was given by his having to deal chiefly with Pope's earlier and more imperfect work; when he did admire, as in the case of the Rape of the Lock, he expressed his admiration ungrudg-

ingly. But in all that concerned the moral character of his subject Mr. Elwin wrote too much as a righteously indignant avenger, as one who had been disgusted by the discoveries of Pope's double-dealings, and whose anger had been kept alive by having to track his tortuous courses through so many perplexing circumstances. Pope had endeavoured to pass off a sophisticated correspondence as genuine, and the interests of truth demanded that the deception should be exposed. "I do not pretend to think," Mr. Elwin said, "that genius is an extenuation of rascality;" and it was as a rascal, a detected and discredited impostor, a gentleman who had stooped to the arts of a professional forger and swindler, that he pursued the poet through all his dealings with friends and enemies, publications and publishers. Pope cannot protest his goodwill to an acquaintance in the exaggerated fashion of his time without drawing down upon himself the comment—"At the age of twenty, when frankness usually preponderates, Pope already abounded in the ostentatious profession of sentiments he did not entertain." In the same letter Pope professes indifference to fame—a not uncommon profession, and one not often taken too seriously by the discerning: "In spite of his boasted apathy," Mr. Elwin comments, "there cannot be found in the annals of the irritable race a more anxious, jealous, intriguing candidate for fame." And so on. One tires of it after a time, and begins to doubt whether it is generous, or even just, or at all proportioned to the offence.

No doubt when an intriguer is found out, it is well to make an example of him *pour encourager les autres*. But Mr. Elwin carries it too far in the case of Pope. He strikes a note of excess, and a misleading note, when he speaks of Pope as "an intriguing candidate for fame." The intrigues in which Pope has been detected do not belong to the time when he can properly be said to have been a candidate

for fame; they were engaged in long after his fame was established, partly to humiliate his enemies, and partly to gain credit for a universal benevolence and lofty equanimity of soul which he did not possess. He gained his fame originally by honest means enough, purely on his merits, in spite of the considerable disadvantages of obscure parentage and unpopular religion. Rascality and swindling are not excused by genius; deception is deception, and perfidy is perfidy. But what Mr. Elwin seemed to forget was that there are degrees of moral turpitude. One may hold this without incurring any suspicion of Jesuitical ethics. Our righteous indignation does not rise to the same height against all offences that may be put in the same general category. Falsehood is falsehood, but there are degrees. A man who tries to swindle the world out of its good opinion, to make people believe him full of "the unclouded effulgence of universal benevolence and particular fondness," with no motive but sheer vanity and inordinate love of applause, cannot without violence to common sense be put on the same moral level with the professional forger. Nine people out of ten who read the full narrative of Pope's frauds are more disposed to laugh at the ingenuity and fatuity of his tricks than to denounce them in angry reprobation. They are inexcusable and disgraceful, but taken in all their circumstances, as incidents in the life of a man otherwise memorable, they are nearer peccadilloes than crimes. A year or two ago, in writing a short sketch of Pope's life for an encyclopedia, I hazarded the opinion that when all the new revelations of Pope's intriguing habits are fairly weighed, his character remains where Johnson left it, neither better nor worse. "In all this," Johnson remarks of one of Pope's manœuvres about the Dunciad, "there was petulance and malignity enough, but I cannot think it very criminal." The remark might be extended to most of

the fresh instances of double-dealing. In judging of them it is well to bear in mind the maxim which the great moralist quoted as one "that cannot be denied," that "moral obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produce it." It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Courthope approaches Pope in the spirit of Johnson rather than of Mr. Elwin.

Mr. Courthope does not try to extenuate or explain away Pope's moral delinquencies, but to put them in their proper place as parts of a very complex character. The result is that he brings us back to a judgment of Pope's moral character not substantially different from Johnson's. The space occupied by Mr. Dilke and Mr. Elwin in tracing with so much acumen the poet's mysterious ways, and the startling character of their revelations, have overloaded one side of the portrait, and Mr. Courthope has been at pains to restore the right proportion. His judicial deliverance will carry none the less weight that all the time he is adducing extenuating circumstances he protests that he has no intention of excusing or extenuating Pope's misdoings, and that "from the moralist's point of view the case must go undefended." The apparent inconsistency is only superficial; it is merely a nice question of naming. Mr. Courthope is quite right to say that he does not excuse or extenuate or defend from a moral point of view, if he thinks that the use of such expressions would imply that we ought to approve in Pope's case of conduct mean and contemptible in itself and unworthy of his fame. We need not quarrel about words, if a biographer observes just proportions in his general estimate of the man's moral nature as a whole, and if he allows due weight to considerations that prevent us from classing Pope morally with "professional swindlers" and "'dirty animals' like Joseph Surface." This Mr. Courthope does with great ability and fairness. Throughout the biography he gives prominence to the ideal and

magnanimous strain in Pope's character as shown both in his private life and in his writings. Since the recent discoveries were made, Johnson has often been laughed at for speaking of "the perpetual and unclouded effulgence of universal benevolence and particular fondness" that shines out in Pope's letters. It has been assumed that all this was mere hypocrisy and pretence, because some of it was put in when he revised and redirected his correspondence, and that there was no such element as benevolence in the malign little poet's disposition. Mr. Courthope corrects this. His narrative gives fair prominence to the instances of kindly generosity to dependents and affectionate attachment to friends with which Pope's life abounds. The new letters in the correspondence, the letters that were not prepared for the public eye, are not all to Pope's discredit. Though he did alienate Bolingbroke by an inexplicable trick—it was, after all, a little trick—he kept the love of most of his friends, and Arbuthnot, a shrewd judge of men, credited him with "a noble disdain and abhorrence of vice." And whatever casuistry may be applied to the incidents of his life, it is not to be denied that the moral standard of his Satires as a whole is high. His praise of the Man of Ross, of Bathurst, of Allen, and of Barnard the Quaker must be set over against Sappho and Atossa, Sporus and Atticus; there is no good reason to suppose that his admiration of the one was less sincere than his hatred of the other. Mr. Courthope seems to me to fairly establish his contention that Pope was naturally of an ardent, generous, and romantic temper, and that this strain was never wholly lost amidst the bitter quarrels in which his later life was involved.

A generous warmth of temperament, craving for affection as well as admiration, craving for both intensely as necessities of a very fragile constitution, and apt to intemperate vindictiveness when they were withheld—

this was the basis of Pope's nature. His moral delinquencies are not put in a fair light unless they are viewed as the defects of such a temperament, launched out of a quiet, secluded, bookish youth into a world of roughly intriguing cliques and factions, "literature," as Mr. Mark Pattison happily puts it, "a mere arena of partisan warfare," and "the public barbarized by the gladiatorial spectacle of politics." It was in this school that Pope acquired his habit of plotting and double-dealing. Mr. Courthope suggests that he may have owed the habit to his Roman Catholic training. Equivocation was regarded by them as an excusable weapon against penal laws, and what is allowed in particular cases may easily be extended till it becomes a general rule of life. It may well be that Pope was helped by the casuistry of his Church in justifying his crooked ways to his own conscience. There is a trace of this self-deception in the words of his letter to Martha Blount:—"I have not told a lie (which we both abominate) but I think I have equivocated pretty genteelly." But, in truth, Pope did not need to go to his persecuted co-religionists for lessons in the art of genteel equivocation or harder forms of duplicity. His political friends—and every man about town was then a politician—Jacobite and Hanoverian alike, were as accomplished in the art and as unscrupulous in the practice of it as any Roman Catholic priest. It was a fierce struggle for existence in the political world when the succession was uncertain and the throne insecure, and straightforward morality was not in fashion. Statesmen were fighting with life and all that made it worth having in peril, and were ready to use any means to win, whether of force or fraud. It is really by their intellectual qualities, their ingenuity, their far-reaching subtlety, their niceness of calculation, that Pope's intrigues are distinguished—their intellectual qualities and the pettiness of their objects. We must regard them as an imitation in his

own private concerns of the games for larger stakes that were going on round him in the political field. There can be no doubt that Pope had great natural gifts for intrigue, and that he took to it with great relish. The pleasure of the sport, the employment that it offered to his restless ingenuity, blinded him to its immorality, and the passion grew upon him till he could do nothing directly, but "played the politician about cabbages and turnips." The fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points was with him a reason for not taking it. It is impossible even now to follow him through the steps of any of the intricate plots which recent inquiry has unravelled with such patience without some motions of sympathy with the artist's delight in his contrivances, so ingenious were they and out of all proportion to the advantage to be gained. Ingenuity, of course, is no palliation of fraud, but the amount of our indignation cannot but be affected by the impostor's motives, and the theory that finds in Pope's tortuous conduct nothing but mean and cowardly hypocrisy is simply imperfect analysis. This is just as indiscriminate as it is to find the animating spirit of his Satires in arrogant malignity and cruelty. Mr. Courthope does good service in his chapter on "The War with the Dunces" in tracing the history of the quarrel, and showing that the most shady transactions of Pope's later years were really incidents in a protracted war in which he was not the original aggressor. Not to have struck the first blow in a quarrel which he conducted with so many discreditable artifices and such relentless cruelty, is not, perhaps, much to boast of. But wanton malignity is undoubtedly a less respectable motive than vindictiveness, if we are to admit degrees of wickedness and of moral reprobation; and it is something to have it established by a careful judicial examination that Pope was vindictive rather than malignant.

As a clear, well arranged, and well

divided narrative of Pope's life, pervaded by a moderate and judicial estimate of his character, Mr. Courthope's biography is admirable. But his large and massive method of handling, which yields such excellent results in the condensed narrative of intricate events, and the judicial summing up of the complicated cases of conscience, is seen to want flexibility and precision when applied to such a many-sided question as Pope's place in literature. Perspicuity of manner is gained at the expense of exactness of substance. Mr. Courthope, indeed, places Pope with every appearance of exactness, with a bold geometrical simplicity, just at the point where lines representing Mediævalism and the Classical Revival intersect; but he is not so successful in his attempts to justify this simple diagram as corresponding to historical facts.

The defects of the massive method of handling are that it involves the omission of connecting links, and the assumption of large and definite masses common to the understanding of writer and reader. If the latter condition does not exist, the writer is tempted to take it for granted, and to refer to periods and tendencies on the large scale as if their characters were matters of clear and common knowledge, or at least established acception among critics. The result is that statements severally distinct, confident, and sonorous, give rise to a good deal of trouble when we try to reduce them to consistency for ourselves, or when the writer undertakes the office for us and attempts to supply the links of connection. Thus Mr. Courthope opens his biography by presenting the date of Pope's birth as a time of unsettlement and confusion, distracted by "opposing forces, Catholic and Protestant, Whig and Tory, Aristotelian and Baconian, Mediævalist and Classicist." Having thus boldly described the situation, he passes at once to his hero as "the poet who learned to harmonize all those conflicting principles in a form of versification so

clear and precise that for fully a hundred years after he began to write it was accepted as the established standard of metrical music." It is a masterful and imposing introduction, but when the dazzled mind recovers and asks in what sense Pope can be said to have harmonized Catholicism and Protestantism, Whiggism and Toryism, Aristotelianism and Baconianism, Mediævalism and Classicism, it is not so easy to find a clear answer. It is right to say at once in fairness to Mr. Courthope that this is only the opening statement of his thesis, and that he does afterwards attempt, partly at least, to make it good and enable us to follow him intelligently in his bold transition from the general character of the time to the personality of Pope and the distinctive character of his work. But it is right also to say—and it illustrates the defects of the massive manner—that the reader would go very far astray who should take in its most obvious and literal sense Pope's harmonizing of these mighty opposites. To see how Pope harmonized Catholicism and Protestantism, one's first impulse would be to turn to the *Essay on Man*; but it cannot be there that the harmonization of which Mr. Courthope thinks is effected, for he calls it—not altogether justly—"a farrago of fallacies." So with Whiggism and Toryism. We recall the lines—

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best.

This cannot be the reconciliation spoken of, calling both parties equally fools. The truth, of course, is—if I rightly understand Mr. Courthope—that he uses the words Whiggism and Toryism, Protestantism and Catholicism, &c., in a subtle sense to signify a certain indefinite central idea or animating principle. The reader who wishes to penetrate to his meaning must tackle two very perplexing chapters, one on the *Essay on Criticism*, and a second on Pope's place in

English Literature, where the same topic is resumed.

These chapters are the least satisfactory part of the book. Perhaps it is that Mr. Courthope has tried to crowd too much into too little space. Seeing that he attempts to formulate the leading changes in the principles of poetic creation from Aristotle to Wordsworth, with the *Essay on Criticism* as a central and turning point, this is likely enough. Perhaps it is that his ideas took shape as he wrote, and that while he continued to make large and definite statements, they were not originally so cast as to show their coherency. At any rate the result is perplexing enough. Mr. Courthope at the end of the last chapter formulates certain conclusions about Pope's place in literature that one can at least understand, however much one may differ from some of them; but the discussion through which he reaches them is much less plain sailing, and it is not easy to follow the connection between some of the theories advanced in the course of it and the propositions to which we are finally conducted. Further, though the drift of the argument, so far as I can make it out, is paradoxical, it proceeds often by statements which are among the commonplaces of criticism, at least in words, and give it an air of plausibility till we see that it compels us, if we accept it as sound, to give them a special interpretation. The discussion would have been less intricate if Mr. Courthope had tried to establish Pope's position inductively by an examination of his poetry and a comparison of it with what came before and after. It is, however, by way of abstract discussion of his critical principles as laid down in the *Essay* that he proceeds, and thus we are involved in a bewildering series of definitions of what is meant by Nature, Wit, True Wit and False Wit, Mediæval Methods, and Classical Methods and Modern Methods. Finally, although the gist of the argument seems to be that the

central artistic principle of Pope and his school is the "direct imitation of Nature," and that the *Essay*, in virtue of its distinct enunciation of this principle, occupies a more important position in literature than is commonly assigned to it, I have searched in vain for any attempt to define what is meant by that very familiar but not very tangible phrase "imitation of Nature." At least as much turns upon the meaning of that as on the meaning of Nature, and the conceptions of Nature prevalent at different times. But I will try to disengage his main positions, and examine what they seem to me to imply.

The starting-point of Mr. Courthope's dialectic, which has no lack of freshness and vigour if it is somewhat intricate, is the *Essay on Criticism*, the place to be assigned to it in literature, and Mr. Leslie Stephen's disparaging description of it as a "coining of aphorisms out of commonplace." This Mr. Courthope challenges, and maintains in effect that its critical principles were not commonplace to Pope's own generation, but that, on the contrary, when the *Essay* is taken in relation to the course of literature from Aristotle down through the Middle Ages to the time of Queen Anne, it is seen to mark an epoch. And the main significance of this epoch is, as I understand Mr. Courthope, the return after a long interval to a conception of the relations between Nature and Art identical with Aristotle's. According to Aristotle poetry is "a direct imitation of Nature;" and Pope brought Poetry back from Mediævalism to this conception when he counselled poets to

First follow Nature, and your judgment
frame
By her just standard, which is still the
same.

Mr. Stephen says that "Follow Nature" is a maxim "common to all generations of critics." Against this Mr. Courthope develops a theory of the essence of Mediævalism as consist-

ing in the imposition of subjective and metaphysical conceptions on Nature, and contends that the significance of Pope's advice was the clear and definite repudiation of this practice; that Pope in effect said, "Imitate Nature directly," and that this is the distinctive feature in his critical principles. He even seems to hold that it was in this that Pope's much discussed "correctness" consisted, and not in stricter attention to the rules of metre and grammar and rhetoric.

All this is comparatively simple, whether or not we agree with it. Perplexity arises when we begin to ask wherein Pope's adherence to the standard of Nature distinguishes him from our great poets before him and our great poets after him. We understand at once that Mr. Courthope's doctrine is opposed to the common habit in our century of speaking of Pope's poetry, as "artificial." So far I am, for one, in complete sympathy with him. But does he mean that Pope was the first poet in our literature to set up the just standard of Nature? His exposition here and there would seem to imply this, as well as the large importance that he claims for the Essay; but he expressly says that this is not his meaning. He expressly mentions Chaucer and Shakespeare among the poets who have imitated Nature directly. But if this direct imitation of Nature is the distinctive feature of Pope's principles, and the ground on which his school is called "classical," why are not Chaucer and Shakespeare also called "classical?" When we ask this we find ourselves not far off from Mr. Stephen's position that the following of Nature is a common maxim. Mr. Courthope's paradox would seem then only to amount to saying that great poets are all of one school. What, then, was distinctive in Pope's following of Nature?

Mr. Courthope would answer this in effect by saying that in Pope's mind Nature was opposed to the "false wit," the metaphors, conceits, fantastic allusions, and mystic symbolism of what

Johnson called the "Metaphysical School" of the seventeenth century, Donne and Cowley, and the earlier work of Dryden. If he had not gone beyond this, and his serviceable illustration of the European prevalence of this false wit for more than a century, everybody would have understood him and agreed with him. It is tolerably obvious that abstinence from false wit in this sense is one of the items of Pope's correctness; he expressly particularizes it himself. Whether or not it is warrantable to describe Pope's method generally as a reaction against this false wit, as if it constituted the whole of his correctness, is another question. But Mr. Courthope does not stop here. He goes on to connect false wit with Mediævalism generally, the subtleties of Scholastic Philosophy, Thomas Aquinas, the Provençal poets, Dante and Petrarch, and the allegorical and symbolical presentation of Nature. Here again we admit the connection; anybody would; there is an obvious affinity between the keen, far-reaching, beautifully ingenious analogies of Donne and the analytic triumphs of the Schoolmen, of whom indeed Donne was at one time a close student. We admit the connection; but we pause when we are asked to jump from this admission to the conclusion that Pope's lines—

True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well
expressed—

were a formal renunciation not merely of the conceits of the poetry of the seventeenth century, but of Mediævalism generally, as false wit, and a return to Aristotle and the standard of Nature.

It certainly is a most ingenious argument. If Mr. Courthope may claim to rank with Johnson as a judge of Pope's morality, he may equally claim to rank with Warburton as an interpreter of Pope's meaning. His interpretation of Pope's Classicism as opposed to Mediævalism carries with it the relation of the Essay to Whig-

gism and Toryism, Protestantism and Catholicism, Baconianism and Aristotelianism. Up to the time of the Revolution, which seated a Protestant on the throne, the Court had a leaning to Catholicism, and thereby encouraged Mediævalism, and the Tories were the party of the Court. Thus, although Pope himself was a Catholic and a personal friend of the leading Tories, the Essay on Criticism, in virtue of its protest against Mediævalism in poetry, falls into line with the anti-mediæval spirit of Whiggism and Protestantism. By Aristotelianism as opposed to Baconianism Mr. Courthope must mean the philosophy of Aristotle as developed by the Schoolmen, for it is part of his theory that Pope used the word Nature in the same sense as Bacon and consequently in the same sense as Aristotle. One is still left wondering what exactly he meant by saying that Pope "harmonized" all those opposing forces, seeing that the Essay is held to have signalized the final triumph of one class of them. But it is a most ingenious theory, certainly "witty" according to the definition of wit that Mr. Courthope quotes from Locke, whether we are to reckon it as true wit or the opposite.

Mr. Courthope's theory about the place of Pope's Essay on Criticism is so far sound that it maintains, in a very abstract and metaphysical manner, the tolerably plain fact that the Essay was part of the general and gradual emancipation of the English mind from mediæval habits of thought. Beyond this he does not seem to me to establish his case. Pope got less than his deserts from the critics of the last two generations: the fashion of taste had gone against him; but we should go as far wrong in the opposite direction if we argued that the advent of Pope in poetry was an event comparable to the advent of Newton in physical science, or to the advent of Locke in philosophy. Even if we admit that "True wit is Nature to advantage dressed" did mean in Pope's mind "True poetry is Nature directly

imitated," how can a method which Pope had in common with Chaucer and Shakespeare, Ariosto and Cervantes, be said to be so distinctive of a school as to warrant the title of "classical"? Personally I do not think that the *differentia* of the so-called "classical" school is to be found in formal critical principles; it seems to me to lie rather, as I have indicated before in this magazine, in unconscious habits of expression. It has obtained the name "classical" on more superficial grounds, namely, that translations of Latin and Greek masterpieces and imitations of leading classical forms were among its most conspicuous productions, and that its critics, in the earlier period of the school, professed great deference for the ancient authorities. Certainly directness cannot be said to have been a prominent feature of its imitations of Nature, if direct imitation is the opposite of allusive, allegorical, and abstract presentation. We may pass the Rape of the Lock as direct, if we get a definition of Nature that includes sylphs and gnomes; but what shall we say of the Dunciad? And what shall we say of the countless odes to and descriptions of personified Seasons, Passions, Institutions, Conditions, Faculties, which held the field till the last years of the century? These were at least as much indirect imitations as the Roman de la Rose, the great mediæval example of allegory, and yet they form the bulk of the work of the "classical" school.

Mr. Courthope has not proved his paradox about Pope's relation to his predecessors, and he makes out a still less plausible case for a still bolder paradox about Pope's relation to Wordsworth. There is such a refreshing novelty about a theory which upholds Pope as distinctively the poet of Nature, and Wordsworth as a reactionary ally of "false wit," that one could wish it were not so manifestly strained and perverse. It is to be regretted too for another reason, that just as there is justice in Mr.

Courthope's defence of Pope against the charge of being peculiarly artificial, he does lay stress upon a feature in Wordsworth's theory of poetry that is very often overlooked. Wordsworth, though he is commonly called the poet of Nature, claims supremacy for the imagination in poetic work :

Imagination needs must stir . . .
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Coleridge says the same thing in the familiar lines :

Dear Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.

There is no antagonism between this and adherence to the just standard of Nature, unless Nature is taken in a very limited sense ; but it gives Mr. Courthope an opening for connecting the modern poets with the false wits whom Pope superseded, and developing and pointing against them a new interpretation of the line—

What oft was thought but ne'er so well
expressed.

Pope the antagonist of the metaphysical school, had taught that the essence of poetry was the presentation, in a perfect form, of imaginative materials common to the poet and the reader—"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." Wordsworth maintained, on the contrary, that matter not in itself stimulating to the general imagination, might become a proper subject for poetry if glorified by the imagination of the poet. There is an obvious analogy between this method of composition and the wit, or *discordia concors*, which was the aim of the seventeenth century poet.

This would have been true enough if it had been part of Wordsworth's theory that a poet's imagination may give poetic value to anything—a broomstick, for instance—irrespective of the ordinary laws of feeling. It is only by taking this as Wordsworth's meaning that Mr. Courthope is able to give a semblance of plausibility to his case, and starting with a little misunderstanding he goes on to en-

large this till we find him taking it as a condition of poetic work on Wordsworth's theory that the poet should "burn the bridge of connection between himself and his readers ;" that is, should consult only his own feelings, and pay no regard to the manner in which other men think and feel. In answer to this it is sufficient to point out that the opposite of this is repeatedly asserted to be a poet's duty in the Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," a document to which Mr. Courthope refers as an "animated rhetorical treatise," but which, judging from his extraordinary perversions of its leading doctrines, he cannot have studied very attentively. How can he reconcile the following extract from the Preface with what he says of Wordsworth's theory :

The Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. *But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men.*

The truth is that Wordsworth's quarrel with artificial poetic diction was that it was not intelligible to men in general as the appropriate expression of the feelings described. "The poet thinks and feels," he said, "in the spirit of human passions. How then can his language differ from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly ?" Wordsworth was very far indeed from ignoring, even in theory, the need of "imaginative materials common to the poet and the reader," and he was fully alive to the danger of yielding to what he called "particular associations" as distinguished from such as were general ; but, as he explains, he was obliged to trust his own judgment as to what would be intelligible to his readers. What other judgment than his own would Mr. Courthope suggest for the poet's guidance ? How can the poet reach the common heart or the common mind except through his own heart

and mind? Where else can he find his imaginative materials? But it is not easy to make out what function Mr. Courthope assigns to the imagination in poetry. "In every great epic or dramatic poem," he says, "the action or fable, in every great lyric poem the passion, is not imagined and discovered by the poet, *but* [what is the point of the antithesis?] is shared by the poet with his audience: the element contributed by a poet singly is the conception and form of the poem." "The imaginative materials are common to the poet and the audience." Mr. Courthope seems to mean that unless a poet chooses subjects—fables, situations, characters, passions—that are easily and widely intelligible, and intrinsically interesting, he must be content with a limited audience. But

why should this be said in words which appear to deny the creative character of the imagination, as if Shakespeare had not "imagined" the passion of Hamlet and Othello, or Milton had not "imagined" the bearing, the despair and the defiant hatred of his rebel angels in the fiery pit?

On his title-page Mr. Courtney quotes the saying of Horace, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere*. It is difficult; but one often feels in reading his critical chapters that he has succeeded. One could wish that his exposition of his paradoxes had been as successful as his disguise of his endoxes, for it is a gallant and vigorous attempt to give new life to an old controversy.

W. MINTO.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

In studying the plans laid down by Friedrich Froebel for the education of young children, one is reminded of a passage in his letter to Krause, where he says :

Here there budded and opened to my soul one lovely bright spring morning, when I was surrounded by Nature at her loveliest and freshest, this thought, as it were by inspiration:—That there must exist somewhere some beautifully simple and certain way of freeing human life from contradiction, or as I then spake out my thought in words, some means of restoring to man himself at peace internally ; and that to seek out this way should be the vocation of my life.

Froebel in his own childhood had suffered much from this contradiction in life. He had a severe father and an unsympathetic stepmother ; and had himself felt the ill effects of a stern and rigid rule, which merely required conformity to the given law, without enquiring if conformity were possible. He had found this kind of rule a hindrance to true development, inasmuch as organic growth cannot take place according to rules prescribed from without, but only according to the natural law. Gradually the idea took shape in his mind that this contradiction was not a necessary condition of life, that the soul and the outer world are not meant to be forever at war, that when we have learned to live aright this conflict will cease, and they will be at one.

The idea of the introduction of harmony into education and into life seems to be the keynote of all Froebel's teaching. At the time that the thought above quoted from the letter of Krause first came to him, he had not as yet realised that this harmony might be effected by a change in education ; he

came gradually to see that the object for which he was striving was the substitution of development for repression and arbitrary rule. He says again in the same letter :

My experience, especially that gained by repeated residences at the university, had taught me beyond a doubt, that the method of education hitherto in use,—especially where it involved learning by rote, and where it looked at subjects simply from the outside or historically, and considered them capable of apprehension by mere exercise-work—dulled the edge of all high true attainment, of all real mental insight, of all genuine progress in scientific culture, of self-contemplation, and thus of all real knowledge and of the acquisition of truth through knowledge. I might almost go further and say that its tendency was towards rendering all these worthy objects impossible. Therefore I was firmly convinced, as of course I still am, that the whole former educational system, even that which had received improvement, ought to be exactly reversed, and regarded from a diametrically opposite point of view—namely, that of a system of development.

The principles of Froebel, when rightly understood, are not only a guide enabling us to form natural systems of education, but also a far-reaching criticism of life in general, teaching as they do that the ideal life is not one in which there is constant strife between the soul and the outer world, but one in which these are in harmony ; that we must not waste our energies in striving to perform the impossible, but must rather work out our best impulses with integrity and without affectation. But while Froebel's principles are in theory equally applicable to the conduct of life and to methods of education, they are practically more easily applied to the latter. For the outer

world in which our children live is less complicated and more easily regulated and arranged. We cannot provide them with an ideal world but we can do much more for them towards this object than we can for ourselves. Let it not be said that they will thus be unfitted for life in the world as it is. Rather will they be strengthened and enabled to take their places rightly therein,—enabled also each in his own sphere and according to his strength to exert the right kind of influence upon the outer world and help on progress in the right direction.

A well-regulated *kindergarten* is an example on a small scale of what life in the outer world ought to be. Each individual is encouraged to exercise choice in all cases where it is not hurtful to the community, and no one is compelled to do disagreeable things for the sake of what is so often falsely called discipline. The children are not asked if they are good or told that they are bad. They are not encouraged to think about themselves at all, but the moral feelings are unconsciously developed because there is an atmosphere of sympathy and happiness. Fear, the most common cause of untruthfulness in children, is entirely removed, and the nature of the surroundings is such as to gradually diminish other causes such as boastfulness and selfishness. The teacher watches the children and makes use of their own natural tendencies to further the objects which he has in view. He works with them, constantly helping and encouraging, gently turning their efforts in the right direction, and never takes up the position of a cold and rigid martinet. A child who does not succeed in anything he is trying to do is not punished and generally not blamed; but the children are not idle, because they are interested in their work, and because success is always preferable to failure. On the moral as well as on the intellectual side, the teacher does not make demands upon

the powers of the children which are not likely to be satisfied. Right action in this matter requires sympathy, judgment and experience. It is hurtful to the moral nature to be asked to perform a good action of which that nature is not yet capable, but it is by the performance of that which is within its powers that the moral nature is strengthened and developed. Thus the child learns by doing, and moral progress becomes a steady development instead of a constant struggle between duty and inclination. This is the only way of reaching that absence of effort which is as necessary to a harmonious life as it is to a work of art. It also tends to produce in every individual a certain true simplicity of nature, which in a sense makes every one a genius by freeing him from the bondage of a dull conventionalism.

The same principles apply on the intellectual side of development. One must not set up an arbitrary standard before the child and crudely expect him to attain to that. In short, we must find something which he can do, and not peremptorily order him to perform things which are impossible to him. What is the right cure for idleness? First of all it may be safely stated that punishment is *not* the cure. Idleness is generally a sign either that the work is too difficult or that it is unsuited to the child. Very few children will prefer doing nothing to suitable occupation; and those few are in an unhealthy condition, probably caused by previous mismanagement. A headmaster remarked not long ago in a speech on prize-day that he had often seen an apparently dull boy changed into a bright, happy one, by being set to practical work in the laboratory. When children are dull, it is the business of the persons who are educating them to find out why they are dull, and apply the right remedy. The children cannot find it out for themselves, any more than they can discover the causes and cures of their bodily ailments. They often

have a vague sense that they are not being treated fairly, and in some cases they even learn to regard teachers as their natural enemies.

The fact is that not only is teaching useless when it fails to arouse interest, but it is injurious to the moral nature as well as to the mind. An ignorant boy is a less unsatisfactory object than one crammed with undigested information. One does not know how to begin to improve the latter; he seems a hopeless case; he is persuaded that all school-books are unutterably dull, and never opens one if he can avoid doing so. When this state of mind is once produced it is difficult to alter it. Probably it can only be altered by giving up school-books entirely for many months, and putting the boy to some totally new occupation. But it is by no means an impossible task to prevent its being produced at all. In a *kindergarten* a child's mind never gets into this state. There is a steady development which should be continued throughout the period of education. The pressure of contradictions—which is incompatible with real moral and intellectual progress—should never be introduced.

One of the problems of the present time is the successful application of Froebel's principles to the education of children beyond the age for the *kindergarten*. Owing to the fact that the attention of teachers has been more frequently directed to the practical working out of Froebel's principles so far as young children are concerned than to the general principles themselves and their application to the training of older children, we have not yet a good system of training for children too old for the *kindergarten* and too young for the grammar-school. In many *kindergartens* there are classes for children who have reached this stage, and an attempt is made to carry on the system; but the teaching is apt to be a little too childish, to fail in rousing fresh interests and not to develop sufficiently the energies of the children. Yet it appears to be

less injurious than that often given to children between seven and fourteen years old in the junior classes of grammar-schools and high-schools, where tasks are too often set which are beyond the powers of the children, or fail to arouse their interest, in some cases even producing a feeling of positive disgust towards all kinds of school-work. A few months of such teaching often destroys the effect of years of careful and wholesome training. The child learns nothing which is of any real value, and his whole moral nature is strained and irritated. Perhaps fear of the teacher is added to the other difficulties of the case,—and yet it would not be fair to blame him too severely. It is difficult for masters who are inexperienced in teaching, and fresh from the university, to understand and sympathize with the requirements of minds at a stage of development so different from their own. In many cases they are doing their work as well as they know how to do it; but they have undertaken a difficult task, and often have no idea of the care which is needed to perform it rightly. True sympathy with children is chiefly found in the young who can remember their own childhood distinctly, and in those who are old enough to have the feelings of a parent towards them. A few men, and more women, have it throughout life. It would not be possible, however, to select a person less likely to have sympathy with a child, than a man between the age of twenty and twenty-four, who has lately been giving all his attention to the development of his own mind. As this is the kind of teacher boys under twelve years old generally have in grammar-schools, the result is naturally not satisfactory. But the fault is more in the system than in the individual teacher.

It is not yet generally recognized that the younger a child is, the more important is the training which he receives. Froebel realized this fully, and wisely applied himself to working out in detail a good system of training

for very young children. In our time a system of wholesome training for children between seven and fourteen is still urgently needed. It is beyond the scope of the present paper to enter into detail as to what this training must or must not be. But some points may be mentioned. (1) There must be the regular performance of some kind of useful work suited to the age and capacity of the child. (2) Book-learning must be given up in the case of any child to whom it cannot be made pleasurable. (3) Prizes must not be given for success in school-work, nor punishment for failure. (4) The natural love that children have for games must be taken advantage of, so as to cause a healthy development of the moral nature, the physical powers, the imagination, &c. (5) The energies of the child must be fully as well as harmoniously developed, and the child's growth must not be stunted by too easy work. (6) A love of nature and of all forms of beauty must be stimulated and encouraged.

The difficulty of establishing a natural system of education is much increased by the anxiety on the part of parents to see at every point evidence of their children's progress. This natural but inconvenient wish has prevented the *kindergarten* system from coming more generally into use, and unless parents can be induced to place more confidence in the capacity and judgment of teachers, it is to be feared that it will also prevent the introduction of improved systems of training for older children. In inspecting schools for young children an examiner should make it his business to find out whether they are being taught in the right way, not whether they have reached a high standard of book-knowledge. The latter is of little or no importance, the former is all-important. We should not hear so many protests against examinations if examiners knew how to do their work rightly. At present examiners think it is their business to find out what the children know, and so long as that is

the case examinations will not be satisfactory. Are the children's minds in a healthy state and are their faculties being drawn out in the right way? These are the questions that need attention. An examination should be so conducted as to avoid developing self-consciousness and other morbid tendencies. We want to teach the children to be, not to seem. More freedom is needed both for teachers and children. Perhaps it may not be thought safe to grant the freedom; that has often been the case in history, and yet the grant of freedom has been generally justified by its results.

Frequent examinations prevent natural growth. We do not expect our gardeners to show us the roots of their growing plants. A child's attention should be fixed if possible more on the subject of study itself than on his own progress in it, and examinations as they are now conducted are apt to prevent this. They are less injurious to older children when an interest in the subjects themselves has been firmly established. But all examinations tend to encourage the performance of work in order to show what one can do, which is not a good motive for human conduct. It is wholesome to work from interest in a subject, or in order to help others, but not in order to show that we can do well, still less that we can do better than others. An object of this kind tends to destroy that "harmony of life," that "peacefulness of heart," the attainment of which for himself and others was Froebel's chief object. In our time, when the conflict of life seems to be constantly increasing, this harmony and peacefulness seem to be further off than ever. It is more difficult to introduce harmony into complicated than into simple forms of life. We have had many writers of pretty ballads but only one Shakespeare. In past generations there were many people who lived harmonious but narrow lives, the men pursuing the same occupations which their fathers pursued before them, and the

women chiefly occupied with household concerns, thus quietly passing through a life of calm content without hurry or striving. Many of them worked out in their lives the saying that "to do is better than to know," though perhaps if they had heard it they would hardly have understood it. But this kind of life has become impossible, and the problem now is how to introduce unity into the turmoil of modern life.

Like Froebel when a problem of the same kind presented itself to him, we turn to a change in education for its solution. Much may be done by training children to value things in their right proportions from the first, and by encouraging them to preserve the simplicity and reality of childhood, instead of exchanging them for the shams and conventions of "grown-upland." Our faith ought not to be less than that of Froebel. It is true that the conditions are now more complicated, but on the other hand the world is now beginning to awake to the immense importance of right education. We are now taking pains to find out what is really wanted in the lives of the poor, instead of trying to force upon them things which we think they ought to want, so that many lives, which would otherwise be very narrow, are gradually being widened in a wholesome way. It is going out of fashion to offer to people because they are poor, mental and moral food which the givers would decline if offered to themselves. In short, there is more reality than at any former period in the efforts of the rich to help the poor, and an earnest attack is being made in this direction on the contradictions of life. There are many among the rich who are painfully oppressed by the weight of luxuries which it appears impossible under present conditions to share with others, and are making earnest endeavours to find out the right kind of mercy which shall really bless him that gives and him that takes. It is found that something can be done by offer-

ing opportunities for culture, for innocent enjoyment, for participation in simple pleasures, and to those who are capable of it, for deeper thought. So that here also we find in wholesome education a lessening of the contradictions of life.

And just as a thoughtful teacher learns nearly as much from his pupils as they learn from him, so do those who are engaged in widening the lives of the poor find themselves refreshed and strengthened by the wholesome simplicity, practical common-sense, and steady patience which are so often found among those who spend their lives in hard manual toil. Steady work teaches many lessons which cannot be learned in any other way, and when it does not absorb the whole nature, and is such that the worker can take pleasure in it—it is wholesome training. So much is this the case that perhaps what is most needed just now for the children of those who are not poor is this same manual work, if only for a short time every day. In this would be found a cure for many of the nervous diseases which are so common. It would give some knowledge of the nature of the objects with which we are surrounded, and the right feeling of respect for labour which it is difficult to give in any other way. It would develop the physical powers and the natural tendency which children have to help others, a tendency which is very insufficiently developed at present. The work must be useful—one kind of useful work being of course the production of beautiful things—or it will fail in its chief object. The child must not think it is done entirely for his sole benefit, and therefore it must not be done solely for that purpose, as it is no part of sound education to deceive a child for his supposed good.

In a well-conducted *kindergarten* the children do work which fulfils these conditions so far as it is possible to do so at their age. The right kind of beginning is made. As they

get older they should learn to do harder work and work of a more practical kind, and also continue the endeavour to produce beautiful things. There is no kind of useful work which cannot be made a pleasure to the worker if set about in the right way. Froebel, in writing of his childhood, mentions the advantage he received from helping his father and mother in gardening and in household occupations.

As in intellectual work, it is very important not to make too large demands at first upon the powers of the child. The development of his powers must be gradual and will then be pleasurable. If a feeling of despair is allowed to arise, progress becomes impossible until the happiness of the child is restored by encouragement. Pleasure and trust in the teacher are necessary conditions of development. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished by a teacher without close sympathy with and love for the child. An attempt to further the development of a human being by harsh rule and stern command, with threats of punishment, is like pulling the branches of a tree to make them grow. If the tree be firm and strong, no effect is produced beyond some slight damage to the branches; but if the tree be young and tender, its delicate roots are bruised and broken. Growth does not come by force. The right conditions must be supplied, the right food offered, and then the growth will take place naturally and freely. It is most true, as Froebel points out, that plant-life teaches many lessons about education.

In child-nature there is an infinite variety, and sympathy with the special needs of each individual is necessary for right development. We want to lighten somewhat the pressure of custom which lies upon us with a weight

Heavy as frost and deep almost as life,
and to bring out in every child something of that fresh originality of mind which, when it is found, makes even

ignorant persons agreeable companions and useful members of society, and which is also the first condition of brilliant success in all work.

Nature is a great healer and sets many crooked things straight. A child's mind, when working under reasonably free conditions, seizes upon that which it requires and disregards that which is unnecessary or hurtful. There is some tendency on the part of teachers in the *kindergarten* not to realize this quite sufficiently, and consequently to make their system a little too artificial. It is not satisfactory to bind one's self down too rigidly to one method however good. The laws of mental development are at present very imperfectly understood. Growth often takes place in unexpected ways, or does not take place when we should expect it. The order of development is less rigid and more variable than is sometimes supposed. If this were not the case, there would be more difference than there is at present between a child educated in a *kindergarten*, and one educated in a well-ordered home. In the home the objects present themselves to the child without any fixed order—he tumbles into knowledge; and this want of system is not without its advantages, seeing that we cannot make our systems perfect. Even if a definite system be pursued, some time and opportunity must be given at all stages of education for this chance development. In a home where a child is allowed, under the care of some educated person, to investigate the objects around him and the natural and artificial processes which are conducted in the house and its surroundings, much healthy development may take place without any fixed system. But a life which is limited to the nursery with artificial playthings and a daily walk by the side of a perambulator is eminently unsatisfactory. An ignorant nurse has no idea of the kind of sympathy and help a child requires. Even when she is fond of him she interrupts the workings of his mind with rude laugh-

ter. She does not understand how to speak the truth, though if convenient she will stigmatize an unintentional misstatement as a lie. She will capriciously surround him with vexatious restrictions, yet will develop self-consciousness and selfishness by flattery and over-indulgence. This is not a promising state of things; but a determined child, especially if he be fortunate enough to have brothers and sisters, will modify it somewhat by engaging in active and healthy play whenever he can elude the vigilance of his nurse, who is full of anxiety about the state of his clothes, and disapproves of most kinds of games. In a house where a reasonable amount of freedom is allowed, and where the children are intelligent and active in mind and body, they will, unaided by their elders, carry on their development by means of games in a fairly satisfactory manner. This part of education is, however, better managed in a *kindergarten* than anywhere else. Opposing tendencies are woven into harmony by the experienced teacher, suggestions are made when required, and the needs of all the children are duly considered. Every child takes part according to his ability, and no one is forgotten or neglected. The children are perfectly happy, because they are not indulged

too much or over-excited, and the performance is as different from the proceedings at an ordinary children's party as Milton's "heart-easing mirth" from his "vain deluding joys."

We owe to Froebel the first recognition of the high purpose in children's play, and the idea of ordering and arranging it so as to form a harmonious development according to Nature's methods. Full of sympathy with child-nature, and having himself a child-like simplicity of mind, he saw that true education is not the suppression of natural tendencies, but their wholesome encouragement. The outside life of the world has many inharmonious elements. In these children's games we have a little image of the world with the inharmonious elements eliminated. Joining in them is a training for living the right kind of life. The children do not talk about living rightly, but they do it. This is the best preparation for the right use of a wider experience.

A Teacher of ethics better known than Froebel taught that the first condition of right life was to "become as a little child."

NOTE.—In quoting from Froebel's letter to Krause, the English translation by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore has been used.

THE BALLAD OF THE LAST SUTTEE.

[Not many years ago a King died in the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against *suttee*, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them, disguised as the King's favourite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.]

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death
 In his hold by Gungra hill.
 All night we heard the death-gongs ring
 For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,
 All night beat up from the women's wing
 A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,
 The lords of the outer guard;
 All night the cressets glimmered pale
 On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,
 Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,
 That clinked in the palace yard.

In the golden room on the palace roof
 All night he fought for air;
 And there was sobbing behind the screen,
 Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
 And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
 On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the bale-fire leaped
 From ridge to river-head,
 From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs;
 And wail upon wail went up to the stars
 Behind the grim zenana-bars,
 When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth
 And robe him for the pyre.
 The Boondi Queen beneath us cried:
 "See, now, that we die as our mothers died
 "In the bridal bed by our master's side!
 "Out, women!—to the fire!"

We drove the great gates home apace;
 White hands were on the sill;
 But ere the rush of the unseen feet
 Had reached the turn to the open street,
 The bars shot back, the guard-drum beat—
 We held the dove-cote still.

The Ballad of the Last Suttie.

A face looked down in the gathering day,
 And laughing spoke from the wall:
 "Ohé, they mourn here; let me by—
 "Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I!
 "When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,
 "And I seek another thrall.

"For I ruled the King as ne'er did Queen,—
 "To-night the Queens rule me!
 "Guard them safely, but let me go,
 "Or ever they pay the debt they owe
 "In scourge and torture!"—She leaped below,
 And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
 On a North-bred dancing-girl;
 That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,
 And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
 And doomed to death at her drunken nod,
 And swore by her lightest curl.

We laid him down in his fathers' place,
 Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand;
 Where the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen
 On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,
 And the wild boar couch in the house of the Queen
 On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,
 We set the logs aglow:
 Friend of the English, Free from Fear,
 Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
 Lord of the Desert of Bikaner,
 King of the Jungle,—go!

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
 With wavering wind-tossed spears;
 And out of a shattered temple crept
 A woman, who veiled her head and wept,
 And called on the King,—but the Great King slept,
 And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife—
 Cold fear with hot desire—
 When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
 And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
 And thrice like a wounded dove she came
 And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
 The silent streets between,
 Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
 To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
 And he was a baron old and gray,
 And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He spake: "O shameless, put aside
"The veil upon thy brow!
"Who held the King and all his land
"To the wanton will of a harlot's hand!
"Will the white ash rise from the blistered brand?
"Stoop down, and call him now!"

Then she: "By the faith of my tarnished soul,
"All things I did not well
"I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
"And lay me down by my master's side
"To rule in Heaven his only bride,
"While the others howl in Hell.

"But I have felt the fire's breath,
"And hard it is to die!
"Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord
"To sully the steel of a Thakur's sword
"With base-born blood of a trade abhorred"—
And the Thakur answered, "Aye."

He drew and smote; the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast.
"I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
"But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame—
"Sister of mine, pass, free from shame,
"Pass with thy King to rest!"

The black log crashed above the white;
The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew,—as they found their meal
On the heart of the Boondi Queen!

YUSSUF.

THE FATHER OF LOW GERMAN POETRY.

"I DECLINE to recommend your book: it is its own recommendation. It will make an oasis in the desert." So wrote the foremost critic and literary historian in Germany, one who never flattered, and who had lately lost his professorial chair as the price of telling his king the truth,—so wrote, in 1852, Gervinus to a young and unknown writer who had sent him his book with a request for some commendatory words. The book came from a lonely island in the Baltic, and bore the felicitously daring title of "Quickborn (running spring)"; but its chief singularity lay in its being written in a tongue which, though familiarly used along the entire sea-board of the German Baltic and North Sea, was as strange to verse, almost to print, as the finger-counting of a rustic huckster to the honours of symbolic notation.

To-day in the presence of the various achievement of Groth and Reuter, we have no difficulty in seeing the significance of that long literary atrophy of the Low German speech to which "Quickborn" put an end. In Reuter's pretty idyll, "Hanne Nüte," its story is told by the help of a picturesque fable.

I know an oak by the North-sea strand,
Through its boughs the North-wind
rages,
Proudly it lifts its crown in the air;
It has stood for a score of ages:
By no human hand
Was it planted there,
And it spreads from Pommern to Nether-
land.

The King and Queen hear of this marvellous tree and go down to the shore to see it. "Who has tended it that it grows so finely?" they ask. And a young fellow steps forward: "Sir

King, it owes little to you or your Queen. The great people had no time to tend it, and so we labouring-folk took it in hand and reared it for our own." We are gradually in this nineteenth century coming to discover what wealth of natural colour and scent there is in these gnarled and knotted giants of the primeval forests, and what potent music the wind can wake in their branches. In other words, we have perceived that no considerable mass of people can grow up and grow on for generations, earning its bread by daily but not brutalizing labour, and sweetening its labour in due measure with laughter and love, without developing in its midst germs of poetry which it is a loss to literature to ignore, but which can only be expressed with full effect in its own language. This we take to be the final justification of dialect-poetry. Much, indeed, which goes or has gone by that name does not deserve it in this sense. The scenes of clown and boor in dialect scattered through the genial dramatists from Aristophanes onward, which merely exploit the ludicrous effect of an uncouth speech, are not dialect-poetry. Nor, on the other hand, are learned transpositions into dialect of forms and scenery essentially alien and remote. Even Allan Ramsay, charming as he is, remembers the elegant artificialities of the pastoral rather too well. We read our "Pope in worsted stockings," also, with esteem; but heaven preserve us from Pope in a blouse!

From both these errors the creator of *Platt-Deutsch*, or Low German, poetry, like his forerunner Burns and his contemporary Barnes, was preserved; from the first by natural bent, from the second by prolonged and concentrated toil. Klaus Groth, whose seven-

tieth birthday has lately been celebrated all over Germany, was born in 1819 near Heide—the little provincial capital of Western Holstein—in his father's windmill; a strange, romantic sort of dwelling, "fit nurse for a poetic child." A boyhood outwardly uneventful, but full of ingathered impressions which later on gave its strange intensity of emotional tone to his landscape-painting, full also of strenuous discipline in various fields of learning, led him in 1842 to enter upon the critical work of his life. "There still lives here," he says in a private letter from his home near Kiel to the present writer, "a school-master to whom, as a student, I confided my still unformed plans. It needed ten years more, five of them spent on the lonely island of Fehmarn, before the first fruits were ripe;—ten years of wearing labour, the secret toil of an alchemist, for I should have been thrown into a madhouse if any one had suspected what I was at." Such was the time in which appeared the work prophesied by Gervinus to have the effect of an oasis in the desert. And the prophecy was just. Before long all Holstein was singing his songs and telling his tales.

Groth's gift to his countrymen in "Quickborn" may fairly be called unique. Neither Barnes nor Burns (to repeat the too alliterative formula which it is difficult in this connexion to escape) has reflected the whole life of a country-side, present and past, with at once so comprehensive and so subtle an eye for the poetry of common occupations, for the gleams of fine colouring which lurk among the grays and russets of a homely folk of farmers and fishers. Barnes, with all his exquisite and loving portraiture of the dear Dorsetshire he knew, and with all his kindly enthusiasm for its traditions and antiquities, as a poet wholly ignores its past. The poetry of that past resides for him, not in the great deeds of Alfred nor in the tragedy of that Bloody Assize which Jeffreys opened in the scarlet-hung court of

Dorchester, but in the Anglo-Saxon grammar and the curious cultivation of its quaint and old-world terms. Burns, on the other hand, a poet of impulse if ever there was one, but wholly devoid of constructive power ignores with rare exceptions whatever cannot be flashed upon the mind with the sudden brevity of a lyric,—the element of story in fact, the gradual changes of outward circumstance and inward emotion which make up a story as distinguished from a mere anecdote. Barnes, in a word, and speaking broadly, has no ballads; Burns has no tales. But some of Groth's finest and most memorable work belongs to these two classes; and he is in some, no doubt a much smaller measure, not only the Barnes and the Burns of Holstein, but its Walter Scott also.

It might appear that the poet of the flat, undistinguished North Sea marshes had intrinsically much the most difficult task of the three. The lovely undulating woodlands of our south coast, with their steep slopes of green down and intervening glimpses of glittering sea, were not for him; nor yet the sweep of the high Scotch moorland with its mountain-torrents and glinting birch-glens. He had not to do with a people cast either in the mould of the idyllic, if somewhat sleepy, rusticity of Dorset, or in that of the more drastic and sharp-featured world of "Scotch religion, Scotch drink, and Scotch manners," which Mr. Arnold has, summarily enough, told us is the world of Burns. But he had to do with a people, somewhat unostentatious and reserved certainly, holding its powers somewhat in the background, yet nevertheless possessing a wealth both of practical energy and of imaginative power which have filled its history with stirring records, its folklore with dreamy mythology, and its homes with the irrepressible arabesques of the amateur wood-carver. And he had the still, vast landscape of Holstein, with its boundless reaches of golden corn-land and sandy heath,

and of pastures scented with flower and honey; with its horizon so far and so level that you see the blue sky right down to it on all sides, while miles away along the white road that stretches like a gleaming thread from you to it, you still detect the horseman who passed you half an hour ago and the church tower whose bells you no longer hear. A flock of larks rises up like a chorus close at hand. By the still pool, a little further, a stork meditatively watches for his prey. The vast shadows of the clouds speed over the plain, subduing for a moment the dazzling lustre of the fields of rape, and turning from silver to gray the wings of the wild geese that sail in unsteady procession overhead. And if you follow their flight westward, you will probably perceive a thin line of shimmering light along the horizon, where the North Sea lurks insidiously behind its rampart of sandy shallows.

Such a landscape has its own subtle charm which never loses its hold upon those who have grown up in it. The born Marsh-man clings to it with passionate tenacity, and "even in Paradise," says Groth, "would never lose the oppressive longing for its melancholy splendour." It has also terrible and unforeseen capacities of its own as a gathering-ground of history and legend. War in these flat regions has little of the romance and adventure which belong to it in a country of cliff and crag, full of rocky fastnesses for refuge and lonely dells for ambush. But it has the stern tragedy of a struggle which, just because no refuge is possible, is fought out desperately to the bitter end. Its incidents are not picturesquely varied, but brief, sudden, intense; the smooth canvas lends itself little to the play of light and shade, but gathers the colour into blotches and pools which add to the force if not exactly to the pleasantness of the picture. The sea, too, as on every coast where the sands are wide and shallow and the tides swift, has contributed many a mysterious story to the legends of the country-side.

You may hear there, as on other such shores, of village girls carried off by mermen, and mermaids wedded to villagers; of drowned men who neither died nor lived, conscious only of a dreamy longing to return; of poor pebble-seekers by the strand, drawn into the sea by a mysterious compulsion as though a voice called them and they had to go, and never returning to wife and children.

Among the finest parts of "Quick-born" are those in which such history or legend as this is retold in unadorned yet thrilling verse as, for instance, in "From the Old Chronicle," and in "Cottage Tales (*Wat sik dat Volk vertellt*).¹" The fate of the buried city of old Büsum, for instance, is more impressive in the reticent brevity of Groth's few stanzas than in the most detailed narrative.

Old Büsum lies below the wave,
The waters came and scooped its grave.

They scooped and scoured, they crawled
and crept,
The island to the deep they swept.

Never a stick nor straw was found;
All buried in the gulf profound.

Nor any kine, nor dog, nor sheep;
All swallowed in the deepest deep.

Whatever lived and loved the light,
The sea locks in eternal night.

Sometimes at lowest ebb you see
The tops of houses in the sea.

Then peers the steeple from the sand
Like to the finger of a hand.

Then are the bells heard softly ringing
And the choristers softly singing;

And it is whispered o'er the deep:
"Suffer the buried dead to sleep!"

Nor would it be easy to surpass the terrible intensity of the lines which tell how the Marsh peasants avenged an incursion of Holstein nobles, an incident in the interminable feuds of the fifteenth century. The Hamme, it should be explained, is a kind of fortified pass on the road from Ditt-

marsch to Holstein proper, where it runs as a narrow stone-paved track through thick woods with deep trenches on each side. On August 4th, 1404, Duke Gerhard suddenly seized this pass.

"What moves along the Hamme so red
and so white?"

Three hundred knights of Holstein,
ready and ripe for fight.

The Dittmarschen yeomen had ruddy
gold laid by,—

The Dittmarschen yeomen, they held
their heads so high!

"What lies along the Hamme so pale
and so red?"

Three hundred knights of Holstein in
their bloody bed.

The Dittmarschen yeomen that day they
taught the lords,

They have gold in their coffers,—and iron
in their swords.

"What moves along the Hamme so wan
and so white?"

Three hundred Holstein ladies to the
burial-rite.

The Dittmarschen yeomen on the Hamme
stood that day!

And God's curse upon the nobles when
they ride again this way!

This was not the only instance of a crushing defeat inflicted by these sturdy peasants upon the northern chivalry. The battle of Hellingsted a century later was a still more significant triumph. But the sixteenth century here as elsewhere in Germany brought with it the close of these prolonged and fruitless feuds, and in a manner disastrous and humiliating for the peasantry. Forced in a last decisive battle, in which all their leaders perished, to succumb, the miserable remnant laid down their arms and passed into the condition of serfs. This pathetic moment in the history of his country has been recorded by Groth in his poem of "The Last Feud." But, after all, only a fragment of Groth's work is devoted to these "battles long ago"; indeed the very conception of his stirring ballads was an afterthought and due to a felicitous hint from his great friend Müllenhoff. He is at heart the singer

of the "familiar matters of to-day, which have been and shall be again." Now in brief snatches of lyric verse, now in sustained and flexible narrative, he tells us whatever is moving or piquant in the unwritten chronicle of the country-side, or in that subtler volume which writes itself in the memory of an observant poet. The tale of the stone at Schalkholt, for instance, the worn inscription on which records how two brothers were rivals for the hand of the same girl, the trimmest in the parish. "What's amiss, brother?" asked one, as they met one morning; "you look so melancholy. Cheer up and put your best clothes on to-morrow, for I am coming with my bride." "To-morrow I have no time, I must be away to the heath, else the wolf will make off with one of my flock." To-morrow came, and the newly engaged brother was found shot dead on the spot where the stone was afterwards raised to his memory. Or the tale of the girl who flies from her home in the Marsh-land with her sailor-lover, carried off in the grey of early morning trembling with fear and with love, while he is all exultation and triumph:

My boat is in the harbour,
My ship is by the strand,
And my true love is in my arms—
Good-bye, my fatherland!

Or the "Organ-player,"—the defiant young scapegrace over whose unregenerate boyhood the village-gossips had prophesied evil and the school-master lost patience—who sells his inheritance, flashes out in momentary splendour with the proceeds, and then, when all is gone, takes to the portable organ and bears through Europe the pageant of his still defiant high spirits:

What care I for the mouldy pack!
I've all my music on my back,
I sing my song and have my crack,
And turn my organ round!

A page or two further, and we hear, in subtle contrast with these rollicking

stanzas, the pathetic wail of the "Old Harp-player," who has seen her youth and beauty go by, and as she crawls with her melancholy music from house to house shivering with cold and ague, recalls, like Villon's *La Belle Heaulmière*, the days when she sang, a rosy-cheeked girl, for very joy of heart, never dreaming of poverty and death. Verses of extreme simplicity, these, which in any cultured and artificial speech would seem bald with their plaintive repetitions, their lingering emphasis upon the same thought, but which in the homely folk-speech pierce like a natural cry. A yet sterner aspect of poverty meets us in the powerful sketch, "Peter Plumm." A young girl, Anna Blum, lives with her widowed mother and six still younger brothers and sisters. Forced to go into service for their support the child, in order to get better wages, conceives a strange plan. Late on one stormy night a boy presents himself, starved and shivering, at a cottage in a distant village, and begs for shelter. None of the farmers to whom he had applied for work cared to hire a young fellow of such delicate make and tender skin. He is taken in and cared for, and in spite of his being "a bit fine," given work. "Peter" rapidly becomes a general favourite,—winning golden opinions among the village housewives by his steadiness and neat-handed skill, for he cares little for drink, makes and mends his own coats, and never runs after the girls. Anton, his master's son, is his devoted friend. Seven years passed by, and then one day the military inspector made his rounds, and Anton and Peter were required to present themselves as recruits. To the amazement of the whole family the douce and canny Peter burst into a storm of tears and passionately refused to go. . . . The next morning the whole village knew that their Peter was a girl, and they rapidly discovered that they had always suspected as much. The new Anna soon turned everybody's head, and her old comrade Anton above all followed her everywhere

about, complaining only of her girlish care for her long locks ;—"Why should she be a butterfly among the rustic grubs?" But the end of the butterfly was sad,—so sad that the poet can scarcely bring himself to hint it, so intolerable does he feel the discord to be. Anna murdered her child, and it was at the foot of the lonely gallows-tree on the moor, and by the hangman's hand, as the German custom is, that the long locks were at length cut off. The hint is enough, and the poet, who feels too keenly to describe it, is too human to point it with any other moral than, "Oh, the pity of it!"

And human he remains even when he enters the less tragic but more oppressive atmosphere of the alms-house,—the tedious last chapter of so many a miserable story, with nothing wanting but the sententious epigram of the moralist and the *finis* of death. Long before Groth, George Crabbe had drawn its image in "The Borough" with the merciless fidelity of a prose Dante. His Blaney and Clelia and the rest are not so much studies in life as shocking examples, paraded with solemn, though perfectly sincere,unction for the warning of a dissolute age. Groth, on the other hand, a large-hearted artist with little vocation for writing pamphlets in rhyme, is drawn by a subtle attraction towards this shattered wreckage, as he calls it, of society. The alms-house is for him the lumber-room of the civic mansion, unvisited, unswept, uncared for, strewn with old and battered furniture, shattered minds and broken hearts, shrivelled and dusty lives. There is the silver-haired blind man who sits outside by the door, drawing figures in the sand with his stick, his glassy eyes fixed on the clouds as he listens to the chimes of other days still ringing in his ears. There is the aristocratic pauper,—"the Baron," who never appears in the street without gloves and a cane, and is profusely gracious to any compassionate donor of a slice of bread and butter. And

there are the two old men who have been in other days master and servant, but whom fortune has brought to the same level, and will soon lay in the same grave. Bowed and silent they sit opposite to each other at the deserted supper-table, and the monotonous memories drift into their minds. "How long is it ago, Jehann? It seems like yesterday; I had just built my new granary," and the old man tells for the hundredth time the story of his lost love.

Reminiscence, it will be seen, with its strangely mingled pangs and raptures, plays a large part in the poetry of Groth, and it is at this point that he touches hands, most obviously and on most nearly equal terms, with Burns. Elsewhere, indeed, he imitates him more directly, as in his "Hans Schander;" but the splendid vehemence, the bounding swiftness of "Tam o' Shanter" lie outside the scope of the less dynamic genius of the author of "Quickborn." It is to the elegiac, the passionate Burns that Groth is really akin; to the Burns of "Ye Banks and Braes" and of "Auld Lang Syne." The overpowering pathos of

We twa hae paid't i' the burn
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne,

has not often been more nearly approached than in "Min Jehann."

On the other hand, if he wants the boisterous humour of Burns, he has touches of his arch and sly fun, and he has, besides, a peculiar and delightful playfulness of his own, less potent and keen, indeed, but full of zest and charm. Children, we know, have only in the nineteenth century attained their true rank as subjects and sources of poetry. They have bewitched great poets, and inspired small ones to the verge of greatness. They brought to Wordsworth his sublimest rapture; to Victor Hugo his truest tenderness; to Rückert his keenest pathos and his most delicate fancy. Groth,

too, is a lover of children if ever there was one; but he is a joyous lover, whose ecstasy of worship finds freest vent in a game of hilarious fun with the object of it, and then, when the game is over, in verses like the delightful "Ah! thou little flax-head!"—one of the most genial pieces of idolatry in existence. He is, moreover, like his great follower, Reuter, one of the poets who hear the birds talk; and if he does not convince the sceptical reader that they do, he leaves him in little doubt that *Platt*,—the expressive, familiar, insinuating *Platt* of Groth,—would be their language if they did. If poetry is fine imagery and lofty music, there is little that is poetical about "Ducks in the Water"; yet it is one of the freshest and gayest pictures of bird-society in literature, less various and brilliant certainly, but as brimful of character and life within its limits as Chaucer's "Parliament of Fowles" and the wonderful bird-scenes of Aristophanes.

"Quickborn" is for the student of Groth nearly what the Lyrical Ballads are for the Wordsworthians. It presents, that is, with fair completeness in narrow compass all the essential traits of the poet, and in certain directions also his final and consummate achievement. But it leaves, in others, faint outlines to be filled in, incomplete essays to be worked out. In fresh and buoyant inspiration, in faculty of song, in natural charm and grace, the "Quickborn" was hardly rivalled by its successors. He had there sung his best once for all, and as a lyric poet his sole and sufficient monument is there. But the idylls of "Quickborn," fine as they are, had not yet shown all that he could achieve in telling a pathetic story. It was reserved for the following years to give decisive proof of this,—and above all in the masterpiece which so refined a critic as Emmanuel Geibel with not unintelligible enthusiasm called the finest idyll ever written in any language, the "Heisterkrog." The charm of

Groth lies very largely in qualities of atmosphere and sentiment which evade description, but we will endeavour to give our readers the materials for forming their own judgment.

It opens with a scene full of life and movement, the stir and noise of which gives its full effect to the stillness and the seclusion of those which follow. Michaelmas Fair is going on in the little town of Bredsted; and Michaelmas Fair, in the rustic creed of all Lower Germany, is one of the three Christian festivals. The streets are thronged with seekers for pleasure and profit, while in the tavern-parlour sit over their pipes and beer the men of importance and understanding, cheapening the reputation of the passers-by. Suddenly the crowd draws back, and a carriage dashes furiously down the street towards the churchyard. The spectators watch it disappear and resume their pipes in silence. They know that it is the owner of the Heisterkrog escaping from the intolerable solitude of his desolated home to stand for a moment by the grave in which his happiness lies buried.

The figure thus vigorously introduced belongs to a type frequent in Groth, and is painted with delicate though unostentatious skill. The only son of a Dutch merchant who had withdrawn from the fitful fever of life in Amsterdam to spend the evening of his days in contemplative leisure in Holstein, Jan Van Harlem was alien both by race and inherited proclivities from the community of farmers in which he grew up. On the Heisterkrog, a lonely spot by the sea, his father had built a roomy Dutch farmhouse, planted trees and sown crops, and there the young Jan revelled in a boy's paradise of liberty, hectoring the labourers, or wandering through the rich meadows with an indigenous lad as his "slave," who hunted worms for Jan's hook and imperilled his skin for the wild honey which Jan consumed. The unemployed parsons and hungry students who were engaged to teach him Greek succeeded one another

with great rapidity, and he grew up as Nature made him, a broad-shouldered, taciturn Fleming, with a foreigner's antipathy for his neighbours, returned in kind by them. Marriage might have healed these differences, but Jan displayed no susceptibilities of this kind, and those marriageable maidens who tentatively spread their nets only fortified his aversion. But the old father dreaded to see the estate pass out of his family; Jan yielded to his urgency, and presently a bride appeared from Holland, a distant relative, rather plain, elderly, and placid. Soon after the marriage the father died, but no child gladdened the solitary pair, and they lived on in haughty seclusion, with an unsatisfied and unconfessed hunger in their hearts.

There came at this time to live in a neighbouring cottage a weaver from Angeln,—that district of North-eastern Holstein which bred the makers of England and retains their name. He was a widower with a family of young girls. A pale, shy, industrious man, whose motto was *Wake and Work!* and who had made it his children's motto also. The eldest, Marie, soon became the pet and delight of the neighbourhood. The roughest huckster in the market softened, the lame pot-seller, whose tongue was the dread of schoolboys, forgot his bad temper when she came in sight with her large eyes demurely lowered under her broad straw hat. Acquaintance sprang up between the two families of settlers. Some inherited instinct of the Flemish blood was appealed to by the industrial occupation of the weaver. The lonely and childless wife, who had no other friend, was drawn to the fresh young girl. They became intimate. "No wonder the foreign refugees hang together," said the neighbours, who grudged the best farm in the county to the "pair of cheese-faces." Jan too was very glad to see his pale wife roused by this new friendship from her wistful reveries; nor was he without his own joy also when their car-

riage stopped at the weaver's door,
and Mariken ran out

Warm as a chick into the winter air,
And called *Good-morning* as the birds
cry *Spring*!

One of those passionate attachments which come once in a lifetime to many seemingly reserved and self-contained natures took possession of the friendless woman, and she asserted it with imperious energy. A cousin of the weaver appeared in whom she suspected designs upon the hand of her *protégée*. She appealed to her husband to "save" the child; she counteracted the new-comer's suit with the eagerness of jealousy, and when he imagined that he had won the game, by persuading the weaver to emigrate with him to America and then formally asking Marie for his wife, he found that she elected to let father and sisters go and accept the home eagerly pressed upon her by the lady of the Heisterkrog. And so the last farewells were said, and she was carried in tears across the fatal threshold.

With the elasticity of youth however she soon recovered her joyousness.

It was with her as with the thrush in
spring,
That wonders at the first at its own song,
Stops ever and anon as if in thought,
Half doubting yet the joy whereof he
sings;
So carolled she, then sadness made her
still,
But, soon forgetting, the glad heart of
youth
Wakened again within her, and the house
Through all its quiet chambers rang with
joy
The while she wandered in them, like a
rose,
Shedding the smell of summer where she
trod.

Fun too she brought into the grave and stately household, and the childless husband and wife would sit and laugh like children as they watched her after-dinner mimicry of some luckless suitor:

Hands against sides and fingers thrust
apart,
Murmuring a verse about eternal love
Out of the hymn-book.

And as his eyes lingered on her unconscious face, the solitary man who had never known love felt his compassion for the orphan grow subtly into a deeper emotion. In the long summer evenings he walked with her by the sea and told her of his childhood, and his dreams of the great world he had never seen. But the girl's thoughts were far away across the gleaming water, and she heard him,

But as we hear, half dreaming, half awake,
What pierces to the deepest heart of us,
But whether joy or terror, we know not,
Or as we listen to the sound of bells,
That haply ring of peril, haply bliss,
Perchance a wedding or perchance a death,
But sweet they are, whatever they may
mean.

Slowly the dreamy pleasure took distinct form, and she realized with beating heart that it was she who made the brightness of Jan's home.

Autumn came on, and with it the crisis of this little history. It was one of those September mornings on which the buoyancy and hopefulness of spring seem for a moment to return, when the wind resumes the exhilarating and voluptuous tones of the April breeze. Jan was to drive to Michaelmas Fair and the horses stood at the door. As he looked out over the landscape he felt the old joy of life in his veins again. The faint murmur of the festive town in the distance stirred him like an enchanted voice calling him to live. Suddenly Marie entered to see him go. The embodiment of the happiness he had never found stood before him; under an irresistible impulse he clasped her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. Half fainting she made no resistance, and when she came to herself the black horses were galloping

madly away, and she sat there alone—

And heard the ticking of the parlour clock,
And saw the pictures on the oaken chest.

As she slowly gathered her thoughts she became aware of a confused sound of voices outside; and the little goose-girl came running in with wild eyes crying breathlessly, "The Mistress!" Marie started up, and hurried with instinctive foreboding to the moat. A glance was enough. She saw a hand that quivered, a fold of dress that rose and sank,—

And then the world for her was at an end.

She stood like a corpse at the water's edge, deaf to the ineffectual cries of the would-be rescuers (for by the sea-coast no one learns to swim), deaf to the taunting insinuations of the old nurse, who loudly related how she had seen the mistress rush from the house death-pale, saying "She would make an end of that." And so indeed it proved for Marie.

As poison slowly dropping in her heart,
And beating with her blood through all
her limbs,
Till they grew stark, and rebels to her
will,
So dropped her thoughts. Speechless and
motionless
She stood, and shed no tear and breathed
no sigh;
Then staggered with the rest into the house,
Climbed slowly up into her little room,
And nothing spoke, asking or answering,
Or wishing, or desiring, any more.

Jan returned to find his home shattered. He shut himself up in absolute seclusion, from which he emerged only when the fatal Michaelmas Fair came round, to hurry on furious wheels to the churchyard where slept the two women whose graves he had made.

Nothing, it will be seen, could be simpler in motive than the "Heisterkrog"; nothing also could be simpler than the means used to produce its nevertheless powerful effect. Its characters are plain country-people, re-

lieved by no personal brilliancy or distinction from the background of unpretending Holstein landscape upon which they are thrown, but rather harmonizing and blending with it; for Groth's men and women have, like Wordsworth's, a certain air of belonging to, of growing out of, the mother-earth they tread, of being in some sense akin in their repose to the rock and the tree. Only, at a certain point in the low-toned canvas, the quiet lines become distorted and convolved, the subdued tones break into sudden glare and gloom; the dry and mechanical nature awakens to find itself in the grasp of the blind passion which, as it is finely said,

Sees all things, that itself it may not see,
Finds out each lurking longing of the
heart,
And draws it forth and clothes itself
therein.

The tragedy of such tardy awakenings as Jan's belongs to the Northern poet, just as the tragedy of love like Juliet's belongs naturally to the poet of the South. It is a tragedy which deals mainly in the eloquence of reserve, in the pathos that is without a cry. The fluid speech and fluid emotion of the South are more easily lured into artistic form; but the stubborn human nature of the North has yielded, in the hands of competent masters, art not less classical, not less a portion of the permanent possession of Europe; and a place, not the lowest, among these belongs to the poet who divined, with the sympathy of a son of the soil and the passionate love of an exile, the elements of universal poetry and music which lay locked up in the unvocal bosom of his "Landeken deep,"—the low-lying land whose speech bears for no other reason and with no other justification than this, the name of *Platt*.

C. H. HERFORD.

GRANVILLE SHARP AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE International Congress at Brussels and the recent speech of Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall have directed public attention once more to the question of the slave-trade. The very name of slavery is now abhorrent to the ears not only of Englishmen, but of men of every Christian and civilized country. Half a century ago England paid many millions out of the national purse to compensate the West Indian slave-holders for the liberation of their negroes. Since then slavery has been abolished in the Southern States of America, as one result of a long and cruel civil war; Russia, half-civilized as she is, has emancipated her serfs; and we are now working with other European powers for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa. But it is perhaps not generally remembered that this indignation against a traffic in human flesh and blood dates back for only a century, and that the origin, the foundation-stone, as it were, of the war against slavery and all its attendant horrors was one somewhat obscure and now almost forgotten individual, Granville Sharp.

This great philanthropist was born in 1734, and was the son of Thomas Sharp, Archdeacon of Northumberland, a man well known in his day, and grandson of the still better known John Sharp, who was chaplain-in-ordinary to James the Second, and was afterwards made Archbishop of York by William the Third. In 1750 his father, who had a large family, withdrew him from school at Durham and bound him apprentice to a linendraper named Halsey, in London; and he continued to be connected with trade until the year 1758, when he obtained a clerkship in the Ordnance Office.

But already in the young apprentice

we see the extraordinary force of character and intellectual capacity which afterwards distinguished the man. Brought up, as he had been, in an orthodox clerical family, and firmly convinced of the truths of the Christian Revelation, he was during his apprenticeship brought into contact first with a Socinian and afterwards with a Jew, who happened to reside in his master's family. Religious controversies arose, and in each case Sharp was met with a similar argument; the Socinian declaring that he erred in his interpretation of the New Testament from want of knowledge of Greek, while the Jew attributed the inferences which he drew from passages of the Old Testament to his ignorance of Hebrew. Determined not to be baffled, this apprentice-lad, whose schooling had finished at the age of fifteen, devoted his spare time to the study first of Greek and afterwards of Hebrew, with the astonishing result that in after years he carried on successful controversies with the leading Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, and actually invented a rule with regard to the use of the Greek article in Scripture which has since been very generally adopted.

But it is with the philanthropic efforts of Granville Sharp, rather than with his literary achievements that we have to deal, although doubtless his controversy with the celebrated Dr. Kennicott on a point of Hebrew scholarship trained his remarkable intellect for the part which he subsequently took in a great legal strife. It was in the year 1765 that a seeming accident turned his active sympathies towards the wrongs of the African slaves. His brother, William Sharp, who was one of the first London surgeons of his day, opened his house every

morning for the gratuitous relief of the poor, and on one occasion a negro, named Jonathan Strong, appeared in a miserable condition to ask for medical aid. It appeared on inquiry that he had been the slave of a lawyer at Barbadoes, named Lisle, who had first destroyed his health by barbarous treatment and then turned him adrift in the streets. The Sharps befriended him; he was admitted into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and after a time he recovered sufficiently to be placed in service. But as ill-luck, or, as the sequel showed, good-luck would have it, about two years afterwards Jonathan was recognized in the streets by his former master. Seeing the negro apparently in good health again, the lawyer determined to recover what he called his property, and with the assistance of two officers of the Lord Mayor succeeded in kidnapping Strong, intimidating his new master to whom he appealed for protection, and lodging him in gaol. From thence the negro wrote a letter to his former benefactor, Granville Sharp, who, undeterred by the evasions of the authorities of the prison, insisted on seeing him, and then with characteristic decision (to quote from his diary) "charged the master of the prison at his own peril not to deliver him up to any person whatever who might claim him, until he had been carried before the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Kite, to whom Granville Sharp immediately went and gave information that a Jonathan Strong had been confined there without any warrant, and he therefore requested of his Lordship to summon those persons who detained him, and to give Granville Sharp notice to attend at the same time. This request was complied with."

The diary then goes on to relate a stormy sitting at the Mansion House, at which Sharp found himself confronted by two persons who claimed the negro: one a public notary, who produced a bill of sale from the original master to a Jamaica planter, named Kerr; the other man named

Lair, the captain of the vessel in which Strong was to be taken away. The Lord Mayor having dismissed the claim, Lair seized the negro by the arm, and told his lordship that he took him as the property of Mr. Kerr. But Sharp, again equal to the occasion, promptly charged the captain with an assault, and he at once quitted his hold.

The slave-owner was not, however, going to let his prey slip from his grasp so easily. He at once instituted a lawsuit against Sharp and his brother James for having obtained the liberation of the negro, and, knowing the former to be a man of peace, he endeavoured to intimidate him by demanding "gentlemanlike satisfaction." Sharp's reply is characteristic of the man and of his sense of humour: "I told him that as he had studied the law so many years, he should want no satisfaction that the law could give him." To this satisfaction Sharp now addressed himself, and he gave it in a manner which would hardly have been thought possible. His first step was naturally to obtain the best legal advice, and with that view he employed a leading solicitor, and retained Sir James Eyre, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. And this was the result—after considering the case, his solicitor brought him a copy of an opinion given in 1729 by York and Talbot, the Attorney and Solicitor-General of the day, affirming that a slave coming from the West Indies to Great Britain or Ireland does not become free, and told him that it was hopeless to attempt any defence, as Lord Chief Justice Mansfield held the same opinion.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would now have given the case up in despair, but fortunately for the cause of humanity, Granville Sharp was the hundredth. "Thus forsaken by my professional defenders," he wrote some years afterwards, "I was compelled, through want of regular legal assistance, to make a hopeless attempt at self-defence, though I was totally un-

acquainted either with the practice of the law or the foundation of it, having never opened a law-book (except the Bible) until that time, when I most reluctantly undertook to search the indexes of a law-library which my bookseller had lately purchased."

The junior clerk in the Ordnance Office attacking the Lord Chief Justice on a point of law might, as in the case of his controversy with Dr. Kennicott, be compared to David in his combat with Goliath; and, like his Hebrew predecessor, the modern David was destined to conquer with the sling and the stone of his own abilities and of faith in the justice of his cause. Without instruction, without assistance, discouraged by several legal authorities, including the celebrated Blackstone, to whom he appealed, and deserted, as has been stated, by his own lawyers, for two whole years he devoted himself to his object "faint yet pursuing."

Before the final term at which he had to answer the charge against himself and his brother, he produced in manuscript his tract "On the Injustice of tolerating Slavery in England," in which he defended the course which he had taken with such learning, research, and closeness of argument, that the preconceived opinions of the lawyers among whom it was circulated were shaken to their foundations, and the counsel for the prosecution were so intimidated that they declined to persevere with the action.

Sharp thus remained master of the field in the first skirmish of outposts, but it was only to be the prelude to a general assault on his main position. Already in his tract he had boldly carried the war into the enemy's country, and, basing his arguments on an Act of Charles the Second, had declared that not only the seller of the negro, but all who had aided and abetted in the transaction were liable to heavy fines and costs; and it was but a short time before the force of his reasoning was again to be felt. Another negro, named Lewis, had been

kidnapped by his former master, a Mr. Stapylton, and carried on board a ship bound for Jamaica. Sharp obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus, had it served on board the ship, which had been detained in the Downs, and brought back the negro in triumph. The case was subsequently tried at the King's Bench before Lord Mansfield, and in the course of it a Mr. Dunning, who had been retained as counsel on behalf of the negro, held up Sharp's tract in his hand and publicly declared that he was ready to maintain in any of the courts of Great Britain, that no man could be legally detained as a slave in this country. The wary Chief Justice seems to have evaded the real point at issue by discharging the negro on the ground that Stapylton had failed to prove that he was even nominally his property; but he practically refused to pass any judgment upon the slave-owner, a proceeding against which Sharp indignantly protested.

But the trials of the cases of Strong, Lewis and of two or three other negroes had not decided the question of the abstract right of slaves to freedom in England. Public opinion continued to fluctuate on the subject, and that of Lord Mansfield was known to be adverse to the slave.

At length in 1772 the case of James Somerset presented itself, and appears to have been selected as a test-case, with the mutual consent of Lord Mansfield and Sharp. It was similar to those of Strong and Lewis. Somerset was a Virginian negro who had been seized and conveyed on board ship by his former master, a Mr. Charles Stewart. He appealed to Sharp, who at once took up the case, and placed it in the hands of eminent legal counsel.

We have no space to enter into the details of this celebrated trial. The counsel on the side of the negro were led by Mr. Sergeant Davy, while Mr. Dunning and another appeared for Stewart. Sharp supplied Davy and his coadjutors with his notes on the

trial of Lewis, and appears to have borne the whole or at least the main part of the expense; but to the eternal honour of the Bar it must be stated that the whole of his counsel refused to accept any recompense for their services. Unfortunately there is another side to the picture. Dunning who defended Stewart, was the same who at the trial of Lewis had held up Sharp's tract and declared his readiness to maintain in any court of England that no property could here exist in a slave. Granville Sharp's opinion of his conduct was expressed in a manner very severe for so charitable a man. "And yet after so solemn a declaration he, Mr. Dunning, appeared on the opposite side of the question (against James Somerset) the very next year! This is an abominable and insufferable practice in lawyers, to undertake causes diametrically opposite to their own declared opinions of law and common justice."

The case was opened in February, 1772, before Lord Mansfield assisted by the three justices, Ashton, Willes, and Ashurst. To use the words of Mr. Prince Hoare, Sharp's biographer, "the cause of liberty was no longer to be tried on the ground of a mere special indictment, but on the broad principle of the essential and constitutional right of every man in England to the liberty of his person, unless forfeited by the laws of England." The counsel for the negro based themselves mainly on Sharp's now celebrated argument, that "all the people who come into this country immediately become subject to the laws of this country, are governed by the laws, regulated entirely in their whole conduct by the laws, and are entitled to the protection of the laws of this country, and become the King's subjects." On the other hand the counsel for the slave-owner represented the inconvenience and apparent injustice of divesting a man of his lawful property, only because he sailed in pursuit of his lawful

business from one country to another. The court reserved their judgment, but it was eventually given on June 22nd, 1773. To the credit of Lord Mansfield it must be said that he overcame his prejudices and joined in an unanimous verdict with his colleagues on the side of freedom. This judgment established the celebrated axiom, "So soon as any slave sets his foot on English ground he becomes free."

The "History of the Abolition of the Slave-trade" does ample justice to the part played by Sharp in this famous trial. After deservedly praising the conduct of the counsel for the negro, it uses the following words: "But chiefly to him under Divine Providence are we to give the praise, who became the first great actor in it, who devoted his time, his talents, and his substance to this Christian undertaking, and by whose laborious researches the very pleaders themselves were instructed and benefited."

But Sharp had no idea of relaxing his efforts against slavery because he had won his case. Already, during its adjournment, he had, in anticipation of its successful issue, addressed a letter to Lord North, then Prime Minister, in which he calls his attention to the "present miserable and deplorable slavery in our Colonies," and urges him to induce the King and the Privy Council to recommend to the several Colonial Assemblies a "formal repeal of those unjust laws." It does not appear that Lord North took any notice of this appeal; but a first blow had been struck at the slave-trade, which was soon to be systematically threatened.

About the same time a helping hand was stretched out from America itself. On the very day when the trial of Somerset ended, Sharp received a letter from a Quaker named Benezet, who had established a free school at Philadelphia for the benefit of the negroes, and had published several treatises against slavery. Benezet's letter and the reply seem to have laid the foundation of a systematic agita-

tion. The Quaker states that Sharp's treatise on "The Injustice of Slavery" had been circulated in America, enlarges on the iniquity of the slave-traffic, suggests a representation to the King and both Houses of Parliament, and says that he believes it would be supported by the people of New England, Maryland and Virginia. Sharp's reply, which is as full of the caution of the lawyer as of the zeal of the philanthropist, seems to have been widely circulated, and his legal opinions were recognized as rules for future procedure. The correspondence continued until the year 1774, and although it was many years yet before public opinion could be sufficiently matured for the purpose, Sharp seems to have been strengthened and confirmed in his great idea of the total abolition of slavery in Great Britain and her colonies. But in the meanwhile there was some danger of the ground already won being lost again. Immediately after the decision in *Somerset's* case, a motion was made in the House of Commons for leave to bring in a bill "for the securing of property in negroes and other slaves in this kingdom." The feeling in the House must however have been generally hostile, as there is no record of the bill having been pressed to a division.

Although not immediately connected with the slave-trade, it is worth noticing here as bearing on Sharp's general position and influence, the efforts which he made on behalf of the natives of the Caribbee Islands, a mixed race against whom a "little war" was at the time being carried on, which he considered manifestly unjust. With his usual boldness and disregard of personal consequences, he addressed a very strong letter on the subject to Lord Dartmouth, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies. The minister, far from resenting the letter as an impertinent interference, requested him to call upon him the next day, and in the course of the interview which followed, promised to speak on behalf

of the Caribs if he should have any favourable opportunity. It is probable that this intercession had some influence with the Government, as a treaty was shortly afterwards concluded with the Caribs, by which they seem to have been confirmed in most of their ancient possessions.

The outbreak in 1775 of the war with the American colonies was fraught with important consequences to Sharp, both in his public and private capacities. It interfered with his communications with America, and so threw back his efforts against the slave-trade, and it led to his resignation of the clerkship in the Ordnance Office. He had previously published a volume on the people's natural right to a share in the legislature, which appears to have been widely circulated in America. The principles which he then maintained led him to deprecate in the strongest possible manner the attempt of the English Government to force taxation upon the unrepresented colonists; and when war actually broke out he found himself unable conscientiously to discharge the duties of an office which required him to book the shipment of warlike stores to be used for a purpose which he believed to be unjust. He was allowed a long leave of absence, but he definitely resigned his appointment in 1776, the war having then progressed so far as to preclude the hope of a speedy settlement. He was now entirely without means, having spent his patrimony in defending the slaves, and having resigned his clerkship from conscientious scruples; but the eager generosity of his brothers prevented the necessity of his seeking lucrative employment, and enabled him to devote the whole of his time to literature and to philanthropic effort.

Thus in 1777 we find him engaged in an attempt to bring about a reconciliation with America. Emboldened by the favourable manner in which his writings had been received in New York, and by some private communications, possibly of a semi-official

character, he called on Lord Dartmouth, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and had a long conference with him on the "expediency of making peace with America, and of giving such a proof of the sincerity of our Government, in treating on the subject, as would effectually promote an attempt to bring that country back to its allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain." It was seen that the proof of sincerity must include a representation of the Colonies in the English House of Commons something analogous to that of an English county, and Sharp was employed by Lord Dartmouth in examining precedents. A few days later he wrote to him a remarkable letter, in which he called his attention to the mischievous existence of the "petty venal boroughs," and clearly foreshadowed the changes in the English parliamentary representation, which were not carried out until nearly sixty years afterwards by the Reform Bill of 1832. A few months later, in a letter to the Duke of Richmond, he made an offer of his personal services in an attempt at a reconciliation with America, and expressed himself with confidence as to the result. How far he had grounds for such an opinion it is impossible to say, but the war with England seems to have been unpopular in America at that particular time, and his name was widely known and respected there on account of his efforts against slavery and the popularity of his writings. It may be that a golden opportunity was then lost; at any rate less peaceful counsels prevailed, and the war was prosecuted to its bitter and disastrous end.

But, while throwing himself with characteristic energy into this and many other current questions, such as the reform of parliamentary representation, the impressment of seamen, and the establishment of episcopacy in America, Sharp seems never to have lost sight of his great central idea,

namely, the abolition of the slave-trade. As a loyal son of the Church he had early endeavoured to enlist the sympathies of the bishops on his side, and in 1779 he made it his business to call on all of them, to request their influence and assistance towards the accomplishment of the work. The dignitaries of the Church, however, seem to have confined their assistance to sympathetic good wishes, and it was not until 1783 that a horrible incident of the trade enabled Sharp to excite public opinion strongly against it. This incident came to light in consequence of an action brought by the owners of a slave-ship against the underwriters to recover the value of one hundred and thirty slaves, who had been deliberately cast overboard under a pretended scarcity of water. Sharp threw himself into the case with his accustomed energy, wrote a letter to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty urging that the master and crew should be put on trial for murder, published the proceedings of the court in the newspapers, and apparently made capital out of the statement of the Solicitor-General, who was counsel for the shipowners, that so far from the "guilt of any murderous act," there was not, in a legal point of view, "a surmise of impropriety in the transaction." Sharp failed in bringing the murderers to justice; but this last atrocity seems to have brought the abolition of the hateful trade within measurable distance of accomplishment.

He was soon to have practical experience of its fatal effects in his efforts to found a new colony at Sierra Leone. A number of slaves, who had claimed their freedom in England, were begging and starving about the streets of London, and, after consultation with some of the men themselves, he determined to send a number of them as settlers to the coast of Africa. In 1786 about four hundred negroes were thus sent out to Sierra Leone, with about sixty Europeans, chiefly women. A grant of land was ob-

tained from a neighbouring chief, but from its very infancy the little colony was beset with numerous difficulties. Disease broke out on board ship before the settlers had even landed; and worse still, most of the Europeans were induced by the offer of high wages to take service with the slave-dealers.

Things were going from bad to worse, when Sharp sent out, principally at his own expense, another ship with supplies for the colonists, and he subsequently succeeded in forming a Joint-Stock Company for the purpose of trading with Sierra Leone. It is in the course of these transactions that we first find him corresponding with William Wilberforce, who was afterwards the champion of the slaves in the House of Commons. After some difficulties and delays, a Government charter was obtained for the "St. George's Bay Company," as it was called, and in spite of molestations from slave-dealers and native chiefs, and a most wanton raid in 1794 from a French fleet, the colony founded by Granville Sharp has survived, and flourishes at the present day.

It was in the year 1787 that the first systematic step was taken towards the abolition of the slave-trade. In that year a society for the purpose was formed consisting mainly of Quakers, who elected Sharp as their Chairman of Committee, and induced Wilberforce to become Parliamentary leader in the cause. In 1788 Sharp entered into communication with the celebrated La Fayette, who had taken an interest in the abolition, and wished to bring about a union of the French and English Governments for that purpose. Later in the year he had an interview with Pitt, who in consequence of the illness of Wilberforce had undertaken himself to make the first motion in Parliament in favour of the abolition. The interview is thus recorded in the diary: "Waited on Mr. Pitt at one o'clock. Mr. Pitt said 'his heart was with us; that he had pledged himself to Mr.

Wilberforce that his cause should not suffer (during his indisposition), but believed that the best way would be to give time to collect all possible evidence, and to obtain an order of the present session (if the rules of the House would permit, of which he would inform himself), to resume the business early next session."

Although death prevented Pitt from seeing the ultimate triumph of the anti-slavery cause, he always voted for it and took a warm interest in its success; and it appears that his great and far-seeing mind had grasped the idea of the civilization of Africa, and, had the abolition been carried out sooner, he would possibly have brought forward measures for the furtherance of that object.

The Prime Minister's motion, pledging the House to consider the state of the slave-trade in the following session, was carried, together with a secondary bill intended to relieve the condition of the negroes during their passage from Africa. In 1789, Mr. Wilberforce, whose health was now recovered, brought in before a Committee of the whole House twelve propositions leading to the abolition of the trade; but after several discussions the consideration of the question was again postponed.

Meanwhile the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society were indefatigable in their exertions. They published a print representing a section of a slave-ship with slaves packed in it for the middle passage, and not content with trying to arouse public opinion in England, they sent Mr. Clarkson as a deputation to Paris, where the original leaders of the French Revolution, including Mirabeau and La Fayette, were favourable to the cause. Mirabeau actually prepared a motion for the abolition of the trade, but he met with as strenuous an opposition in the National Assembly as Wilberforce had encountered in the English House of Commons.

In 1791, in spite of the eloquence of Pitt and of his great rival Fox,

both of whom favoured the abolition, the motion was defeated. But the Anti-Slavery Society undauntedly renewed their efforts in every direction; and in the following year their arguments were materially strengthened by the evidence furnished from the new colony founded by Sharp in Sierra Leone. Mr. Thornton, Chairman of the St. George's Bay Company, ended his speech in the following words, which are as true to-day as they were a century ago. "It had," he said, "unfortunately obtained the name of a trade and many had been deceived by the appellation; but it was a war and not a trade; it was a mass of crimes and not commerce; it alone prevented the introduction of trade into Africa. He had found, in attempting to promote the establishment of a colony there, that it was an obstacle which opposed itself to him in innumerable ways. It created more embarrassments than all the natural impediments of the country, and was more hard to contend with than any difficulties of climate, soil, or the natural disposition of the people."

In 1794 Mr. Wilberforce's bill was carried in the House of Commons but defeated in the House of Lords. He continued to renew his motion annually until 1799, when it was thought better to let the question rest for a time, though he periodically moved for papers likely to give information on the subject. In 1804, after the union with Ireland, the bill was again introduced. It passed the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords it was merely postponed. In the following year the bill was defeated in the House of Commons, owing to the over-confidence of some of its supporters. But in 1806, after the death of Pitt, Fox took up the question in person, and made a motion in the following words: "That the House, considering the slave-trade to be contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and policy, will with all practicable expedition take effectual steps for its abolition." This motion was carried

by overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Parliament. In the following autumn Fox died, but in 1807 Lord Grenville brought into the House of Lords a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade, which was carried by 100 to 36, and subsequently in the House of Commons by 283 to 16. A Committee of the House of Commons afterwards passed a resolution, that no vessel should clear out for slaves from any port within the British dominions after the first of May of that year, 1807, and that no slaves should be landed in the colonies after March 1st, 1808.

Thus ended this long and memorable struggle in the cause of humanity. Wilberforce's name has been handed down to posterity as its parliamentary champion, but it is evident that the larger share of the credit is due to the founder and originator of the movement, and the ever-watchful chairman of the Anti-Slavery Society's Committee.

But, though Granville Sharp had lived to see the abolition of the slave-trade in Great Britain and her colonies, he had by no means realised his highest aspirations. In a memorandum found among his papers the following words occur which show how much he was still in advance of the age in which he lived: "I am bound in reason and common justice to mankind further to declare that many years, at least twenty, before the (Anti-Slavery) Society was formed, I thought, and ever shall think, it my duty to expose the monstrous impiety and cruelty . . . not only of the slave-trade, but also of slavery itself, in whatever form it is favoured; and also to assert that no power on earth can ever render such enormous iniquities legal; but that the Divine retribution (the 'measure for measure' so clearly denounced in the Holy Scriptures) will inevitably pursue every Government or Legislature that shall presume to establish or even to tolerate such abominable injustice."

The abolition of slavery in the West

Indies and America was not to be in his time. He lived till 1813, but his strength gradually declined, and during the last few years of his life he seems to have been hardly capable of transacting business. In 1816 the African Society erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The above is a bare outline of the work of one of the most remarkable of our English philanthropists. Probably none of them can be compared to him with regard to the magnitude of the results achieved, with the exception perhaps of the late Lord Shaftesbury. And the characters of these two men seem to have had much in common. Both of them were animated by the deepest possible religious convictions, which showed themselves continually in their correspondence and diaries; both of them sacrificed all personal considerations in order to further the benevolent objects which they had in view. But with regard to social advantages, the comparison entirely ceases. The heir to an ancient earldom, with every advantage that birth, wealth, and education can give, began life on a very different footing from the obscure individual who, although of gentle blood, had only quitted a trading establishment in the City to become a clerk in an unfashionable Government office. The great results of Sharp's life were due to himself alone. He

possessed one of the acutest intellects of his time. Again and again, as we have seen, the amateur took the field against the professional, and usually came off victorious. The grammar-school boy engaged in controversies with the pride of the English universities, the leading Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, and more than held his own. The junior clerk in the Ordnance Office entered the lists single-handed against practically the whole legal profession, headed by one of the ablest of our judges, and backed by the dread precedents of the law, gradually won over deserters from the enemy's camp, and ended by defeating him completely and for ever. Nor was it only with reference to philanthropic effort and Biblical criticism that his grasp of mind became apparent. In the domain of politics he saw clearly the folly and injustice of the war with the American colonies, and sealed his convictions by the resignation of his government employment; and he also recognized the faults of the parliamentary representation of the day. Ever in advance of his time, he looked forward to social and political reforms which were not carried out till many years after his death; but his writings remain to prove a far-reaching sagacity which is not always joined even to the highest powers of the mind.

GRANVILLE BROWNE, LT.-COL.

THE WHIGS AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

IN a letter written to "The Times" at the close of last year Sir George Bowen drew attention to the opinions of the late Earl Russell upon the question of Imperial Federation. It appears that in his "Recollections and Suggestions" (published in 1875), Lord Russell, in the following words, made a suggestion which resembles that recently made by Lord Rosebery: "I am disposed to believe that if a congress or assembly representing Great Britain and her dependencies could be convoked from time to time, to sit for some months in the autumn, arrangements reciprocally beneficial might be made." He further expressed in conversation his deep concern at the then prevailing indifference to colonial questions, and authorised Sir George Bowen to tell the Australians that so long as he lived his voice would always be raised in support of the integrity and consolidation of the British Empire; and Sir George Bowen consequently proceeds to claim him as "a vigorous supporter of what is now called (for the want of a better name) Imperial Federation."

Political controversy has no more favourite, if somewhat unscrupulous, device than that of extracting an approval of a course which it is desired to recommend from the words of some dead statesman, spoken in circumstances totally different from those to which they are made to apply. We have not yet seen Sir Robert Peel quoted as a socialist, or the Duke of Wellington as an advocate of female suffrage, but Lord Russell has already been claimed as a Home Ruler, and Sir George Bowen's letter at first suggested a similar attempt to make use of a great name. It is, however, perhaps susceptible of a more

interesting explanation. Taken in conjunction with Lord Rosebery's speech at the Mansion House in last November, it suggests that Imperial Federationists may have recognised the impossibility of their object as it has been generally understood: that they now exist merely as a protest against the idea of separation; and that their aims are now such that the consent of any English statesman may be assumed for them without indiscretion. Failing some such explanation as this, Sir George Bowen's statement must considerably surprise any one who, even in the most superficial manner, has studied the history of the self-governing colonies for the past half century. For to Lord Russell, more than to any other single statesman, are due those relations between England and her colonies now considered by the Imperial Federationists to be so unsatisfactory. He was the author on two different occasions of utterances which may, with little exaggeration, be said to have decided the fate of the empire: namely, the famous despatch, defining the nature of local responsible government, which he wrote as Colonial Secretary to Mr. Poulett Thomson, Governor-General of Canada, during the debates on the union of the Canadas in 1840; and the speech (quoted by Mr. Spencer Walpole) upon the introduction of the Australasian Colonies Bill in 1850. With Lord Grey and the Whig party generally, he laid down the lines upon which our Colonial policy has proceeded, and if in later years its authors became dissatisfied with the result, it must be assumed either that they changed their opinions as to the object to be desired, or that they proceeded in the beginning without foreseeing the na-

tural consequences of their acts. The subject, which has not been noticed in the discussions excited by the publication of Mr. Walpole's excellent book, is one of considerable importance; and in spite of the tedium of colonial questions, and still more of colonial history, we may perhaps be permitted to develop a little more in detail the attitude of the great Whig statesman and his colleagues.

It was Canada that first engaged the attention of the English Parliament, and in the case of Canada the new departure was in the first instance taken. The debates on the union of the Canadas in 1840 were interesting and important, and in them the nature of local responsible government first received a full consideration and discussion. Lord Durham, in his great and elaborate report on Canada in 1839, upon which the Government Bill, introduced by Lord John Russell, was based, made the following recommendation: "The responsibility to the United Legislature [of the British North American Provinces] of all officers of the government, except the governor and his secretary; should be secured by every means known to the British constitution. The governor, as the representative of the Crown, should be instructed that he must carry on his government by heads of departments, in whom the united legislature shall repose confidence; and that he must look to no support from home in any contest with the legislature, except on points involving strictly Imperial interests."

The view of the Government and of the supporters of the bill founded upon Lord Durham's report, was clearly defined in debate and in despatches. It is first of all to be noted that they were clearly in favour of the maintenance of the connexion with the colonies. In reply to those who feared and those who hoped for separation, Lord John Russell said that he could listen to no proposition having for its object to lead to a separation between the two countries, believing

it to be for the best interests of both that the connexion should subsist. He considered our colonies to form an inherent part of the strength of this empire, and deeply impressed with that conviction, he said without hesitation that they could not continue to govern Canada without going back to the principles of representative government. Lord Melbourne, in reply to Lords Ashburton and Brougham, who both frankly looked forward to separation, said that he should look on the loss of these colonies by their becoming independent of the connexion with the mother country as a most grievous one, and above all as a heavy blow to the character and reputation of this country.

On the other hand, the serious disaffection in Canada consequent on the rebellion, and on the excitement which had attended Lord Durham's mission, made a return to the principles of representative government a necessity. Lord Durham had adopted the cry of responsible government, hitherto the cry of the party in the Canadas hostile to the British connexion, as the best means of perpetuating that connexion. The result was a compromise, the principles of which were set out in the despatch already referred to, from Lord John Russell to Mr. Poulett Thompson,—a despatch which Lord Brougham afterwards with justice described as, "worthy of him who by his writings has so ably illustrated the principles of the British constitution—who by his legislation has re-invigorated that constitution—whose ancestors by their martyrdom founded that constitution." After stating the English theory of ministerial responsibility, Lord John proceeds:

"If we seek to apply such a practice to a colony we shall at once find ourselves at fault. The power for which a minister is responsible in England is not his own power, but the power of the Crown of which he is the organ. The governor under whom he serves receives his orders from the Crown of England. But can the colonial council

be the advisers of the Crown of England? Evidently not, for the Crown has other advisers, for the same functions, and with superior authority. It may happen therefore that the governor receives at one and the same time instructions from the Queen, and advice from his executive council totally at variance with each other. If he is to obey his instructions from England, the parallel of constitutional responsibility entirely fails; if on the other hand he is to follow the advice of his council, he is no longer a subordinate officer, but an independent sovereign. There are some cases in which the force of these objections is so manifest that those who at first made no distinction between the constitution of the United Kingdom and that of the colonies, admit their strength. I allude to the question of foreign war, and international relations, whether of trade or diplomacy. It is now said that internal government is alone intended." Lord John then proceeded to quote some cases of internal government in Lower Canada affecting British officers, emigrants, and merchants, in which "the honour of the Crown, or the faith of Parliament, or the safety of the State, are so seriously involved that it would not be possible for Her Majesty to delegate her authority to a minister in a colony."

Lord John was a master of constitutional theory, and nothing so far can be more clearly or admirably put. He went on: "While I then see insuperable objections to the adoption of the principle as it has been stated, I see little or none to the practical views of Colonial Government recommended by Lord Durham, as I understand them." There was no desire, he said, to thwart the representative assemblies. Her Majesty would look to the affectionate attachment of her people in North America as the best security for permanent dominion. The objection that no fixed line is drawn between the power of the Governor and the privileges of the Assembly, was met by the

statement that "such a distinction could never be drawn in the case of a political constitution in which different bodies share the supreme power, for such constitutions are only enabled to exist by the forbearance of those among whom the power is distributed. Each authority must exercise a wise moderation."

This despatch was followed by another on October 16th, putting an end to the practice of allowing persons appointed to offices in the Colonial government to hold them for life or during good behaviour, from which it followed that the higher executive offices were to be held by persons having the confidence of the representative part of the legislature. This *modus vivendi*, for it cannot be called by any higher name, was further described in the course of the debate by Lord Howick. If by responsible government it were meant that the executive government of the colony should be directly responsible to the Colonial Assembly, he was of opinion that responsible government so defined would be incompatible with the maintenance of colonial government. But he believed that if the government at home, as well as the authorities in the colony, were to pursue a system of protective government, guided by a conciliatory spirit and a desire to consult the wishes of the people, then such a form of government would answer the object which those who were loudest in their clamours for responsible government had in view. On a later occasion, as Lord Grey, he further defined this by saying that the interference of the Imperial Parliament in matters of colonial government—the vagueness of this expression is noteworthy—ought to be confined to extreme cases. And he also enlarged on the impossibility of defining in exact terms the power of the Governor, the Assembly, the Secretary of State, and the Crown.

Amongst the critics of the Government proposals and of these rather contradictory utterances, the most

thorough, and, as the result proved, the most clear-sighted, were the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Gladstone. The Duke made three speeches and recorded a protest against the bill, which, so far as this point goes, are summed up in the emphatic statement that "their lordships might depend that local responsible government and the sovereignty of Great Britain were completely incompatible." Mr. Gladstone, in the course of a powerful argument in which he quoted Lord John Russell's despatch, admitted that the privilege which Parliament possessed in limiting the choice of ministers by the Crown was the security of every liberty which the people enjoyed. But if the Colonial Assembly possessed the same privileges why was this called the Imperial Legislature? He recollected well a speech made by a Right Honourable gentleman opposite some years ago on the motion for a repeal of the union with Ireland. The Right Honourable gentleman had said that to talk of a permanent union between two countries each possessing an independent legislature was one of the most visionary ideas that ever entered the mind of man; and yet this self-same visionary idea was what the report of Lord Durham had recommended as the best means of perpetuating the union between Great Britain and her colonies.

The bill passed, with dissentients numbering six in the Commons and ten in the Lords, and formed an epoch in Canadian history which an able writer on the colonies has well compared with the epoch of Independence in that of the United States. It is not here contended that, in the critical state into which Canadian affairs had been allowed to drift, any other policy was then possible. It is merely to be noted that the problem has been solved, not in the direction contemplated by Lord Melbourne's administration, but by the abandonment little by little of Imperial control not only over the internal affairs of Canada, but also over the international relations of trade and

diplomacy which Lord John Russell said it was out of the question to surrender.

The important debates which took place in the British Parliament on the Canadian Act for the indemnification of parties in Lower Canada whose property was destroyed during the rebellion in 1837 and 1838, which was affirmed in spite of the protests of minorities led by Lord Stanley, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone, showed very clearly that, in Lord Lansdowne's words, the gift of constitutional government had under Lord Elgin's governorship become a reality, not a delusion—a substance, and not a shadow. The political arguments by which Lord Grey justified this act were conclusive, when he contended that the mass of the people should never be treated as criminals or offenders—that, in Burke's words, it was impossible "to draw an indictment against a people." But the constitutional arguments which the Government used in deprecating interference with the Colonial legislature meant independence if they meant anything.

Before leaving the subject of Canada it is worth while to look at the passing of the British North America Act in 1867. By this measure, while each province was given a provincial legislature with accurately defined powers, a central federal Parliament was established, with great and, as Lord Carnarvon, then Colonial Secretary, said, almost sovereign powers. Lord Russell supported the bill distinctly contemplating the possibility of ultimate emancipation, and Mr. Cardwell, who, as the previous Colonial Secretary may be considered as in part its author, said that the "object was to have the satisfaction of witnessing the growth of great and powerful communities attached to the mother country by no other ties than those of love and affection, and a reciprocal regard."

The granting of constitutions to the

Cape, to New Zealand, and to the various Australasian colonies proceeded on the same principles, but without the same justification from political necessity, and the sacrifice of Imperial prerogatives and of the interests of the British taxpayer may perhaps be traced, although with Canada for an example there was less excuse for it, rather to want of precision and definition than to design. Lord John Russell's speech, however, on the introduction of the Australasian Colonies Government Bill is remarkable as containing the first hint from a leading statesman that the end might be independence. The peroration of this eloquent speech is as follows :

I anticipate indeed with others that some of the colonies may so grow in population and wealth that they may say : "Our strength is sufficient to enable us to be independent of England. The link is now become onerous to us ; the time is come when we think we can, in amity and alliance with England, maintain our independence." I do not think that that time is yet approaching. But let us make them so far as possible fit to govern themselves. Let us give them, so far as we can, the capacity of ruling their own affairs. Let them increase in wealth and population ; and, whatever may happen, we of this great empire shall have the consolation of saying that we have contributed to the happiness of the world.

It must also be said that the impression that the prevision of the Government did not at any rate extend so far as to contemplate any ultimate result from their policy but emancipation, is strongly impressed on the mind of the student of the debates in this session of 1850, in which the danger of the course proposed was insisted upon by Sir William Molesworth, and an alternative scheme of Colonial policy laid by him before Parliament. It is beyond the scope of this article to describe a scheme which is so well worthy of study, and we can here only say that its cardinal principle was the distinction clearly drawn between Imperial and Colonial powers, and

the reservation of the former to the Home Government. The United States was a system of states clustered around a central republic ; our Colonial empire was to be a system of colonies clustered around the hereditary monarchy of England. Some such scheme it is easy to see might have been the germ of a real federation ; but it was rejected, if indeed it was ever seriously considered, by the Whig leaders. No group of statesmen could have been better fitted by their training and their tastes for the great constitutional task, upon which everything hinged, of drawing a clear line of demarcation between Imperial and Colonial powers. But although it may fairly be said that they desired to maintain the Empire as a reality, they steadily refused to adopt the only means by which a constitutional connexion could have been preserved. They preferred, as Lord Grey expressed it, "to rely on the exercise of a little good sense and moderation on the part both of those who had to advise Her Majesty at home, and of the Legislative Council in the Colonies, to reconcile the most ample measures of self-government in the internal affairs of the Colony, with the maintenance of as much authority as was required for the general interests of the empire."

A highly typical illustration of the working of the principles of the British Government in relation to the Australasian colonies is to be found in their commercial policy.

In the preface to his work on Colonial Policy Lord Grey stated that one of the principles he had most at heart when he joined Lord John Russell's administration in 1847, was the completion of the work of commercial reform, and that he looked forward to "securely establishing a system of free trade throughout the empire." He enumerated the measures for the alteration of the duties on sugar, coffee, and timber, for the repeal of the navigation laws, and for giving power to the local legislatures to abolish differ-

ential duties in the colonies, as having placed the colonial trade on a footing free from serious objection. He dealt the final blow at the old system of monopoly by which differential duties were levied, "for the purpose of favouring colonial produce in our markets and our produce in the markets of the colonies," and too much credit cannot be given for this great work. It formed indeed an integral part of the policy by which the springs of our industry were liberated and free trade, perhaps the greatest political achievement of the century, securely established. But in the case of the colonies the work was marred by the over-hopefulness which was a distinguishing mark of the school of Cobden. Lord Grey afterwards stated that by the above quoted provisions his object was to allow the colonies to raise revenue by customs, but to prevent the imposition of duties inconsistent with the principles of free trade. There was, he said, no question at the time the act was passed, but that a policy of free trade would be insisted on for the colonies, and the complete absence of discussion on this point in Parliament fully bears out this view. As in the political and constitutional, so in the commercial field the want of definite and binding direction by enactment proved fatal. The reins were thrown down, and an unfounded confidence that the colonies would not take the bit between their teeth, and that the Colonial Office would through the veto maintain the exercise of their Imperial authority—and, it may be added, the difficulty of dealing with the circumstances of a new country—appear to have stood in the way of any attempt to deal with this vital question in a far-seeing and systematic manner.

The anticipations of the author of this policy were completely and signally falsified. No control was retained by this country; various colonies built up for themselves a protection tariff, and the passage of the act allowing the imposition of

differential duties between the Australian colonies and New Zealand, gave Lord Grey an opportunity of stating his opinion of the state of things which had now grown up. His speech is a confession of the failure of his policy. He protested in the strongest terms against the bill as a great step towards turning the tie with our colonies into a merely nominal one. After joint defence, commercial policy was most of all a subject of common Imperial concern, and it would be a question whether in these circumstances the connexion would be worth maintaining.

It is impossible to study Lord Grey's speeches and writings on colonial questions without being profoundly impressed by his statesmanlike grasp of the principles of government, his lofty patriotism, and his vigilant attention to all the details of colonial policy. His one care as Colonial Secretary was for the expansion and consolidation of the Empire, and we do not observe that he looked forward like Lord John Russell to even ultimate emancipation as the result of his efforts. How was it then that he rendered himself responsible for a policy which has led to a relation between England and her colonies admitted, as we have seen, by Lord Grey himself to be scarcely worth maintaining? The explanation is probably to be found in the fact that he over-estimated the capacity, or was deceived as to the desire of his successors, and of the department over which they presided, to make the Imperial control which he had imagined a reality. He judged erroneously that they would follow the lines he had laid down, that they would be animated by his own high standard of duty, firmness, and intelligence, and he under-rated the ignorance and indifference of the House of Commons. If he could have remained a permanent Colonial Secretary, the history of the last forty years might have been different. A similar line of argument may explain the seeming inconsistency between Lord Russell's Colonial policy and his

later view as expressed by Sir George Bowen, although as we have seen there is distinct evidence in his speeches of his having contemplated emancipation as a probable end. But every speech and every action of his life show him to have been animated by the most ardent patriotic feeling, and it is possible that at the close of his career he may have been alarmed at the rapidity of the progress which the colonies, as the result of his policy, had made towards independence. Whether this would justify Sir George Bowen in claiming him as an advocate of Imperial Federation depends on the meaning to be attached to that phrase, which rivals the expression Home Rule in the variety of interpretations of which it is susceptible.

It is no part of the present writer's design to enter on a discussion of this question, nor even to pronounce an opinion as to whether it would have been a wiser and more statesmanlike policy to have established on a firm basis a close and lasting relationship between England and her great colonies, than to have aimed at creating (or perhaps we should say created without aiming at it) free self-governing communities in different parts of the world. It is important, however, not to shut our eyes to the actual position of affairs, or to the real lessons of the historical retrospect in which we have engaged. It is possible, as we have seen, that a policy other than one of mere indifference might have made the British Colonial empire a reality. It is certain that, speaking from a

constitutional point of view, it is now the shadow of an empire. A North American Federation is already in existence; an Australasian Federation is probably growing; and both are or will be in every essential self-sufficing, separate nationalities. Imperial Federation would mean a contradiction of the past which we may well believe to be an impossibility. A sentimental aspiration confined to what used to be called the governing classes of this country cannot reverse the history of forty years. We should be wise to accept what is open to us, and to strive after what is a sufficiently inspiring ideal,—that of a perpetual alliance between free and equal states. This is the only form of "Federation" which we can now realise. Treaty obligations may well be durable when based on a community of language, laws and blood. They will be more elastic than a constitutional instrument, and therefore more likely to stand the strain of diverse or conflicting interests.

If, as Lord Rosebery's most recent speech would seem to imply, this is all that is contemplated by the Imperial Federation League, this country need not look suspiciously on its labours. But we may still be allowed to question the expediency and deplore the methods of an advocacy which, in Australia at any rate, appears only to have resulted in calling into being a national party, and bringing into prominence a previously non-existent idea,—the idea of an independent Australia.

B. M.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

OF A STEEPLE-CHASE.

On an evening not long ago a party of friends sat talking over their cigars of steeple-chasing. The subject was not one of which we had any practical or much other experience,—one reason possibly for the keenness of our discussion. We were not quite ignorant of the sportsman's joys, but with most, if not with all of us, "time, strife and the world's lot" had left little more than a pleasant memory of them. None of us, I am very sure, had ever ridden in a steeple-chase. The nearest approach to that dignity had been made by myself, who did once appear at the starting-post in one of my college-races—*grinds* we then called them; they no longer, I believe, are included in the diversions of Oxford undergraduates. But as the horse, being much the more sensible animal of the two, had resolutely declined any further part in the performance, it was hard, even with the best intentions, to pose as an authority on the subject. However, we all talked considerably. Somebody, if my recollection serves, had lately met somebody else who had once seen the great race run at Liverpool, and had learned from him that the fences were very large. How this may be it is not for me to say, who have never set eyes on Beecher's Brook, Oliver's Brook, or any other of the historic obstacles at Aintree. But I did remember to have heard Charles Davis, the renowned huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds, tell a story of a steeple-chase run over the Aylesbury Vale in the days of those hard-riding heroes who gallop and jump for ever on the Druid's lively pages. The fences, he used to say, were of such portentous size that—though Davis was

certainly as little fearful of a big fence in the way of business as any man who ever sat in a saddle—he declined to start the riders until such changes had been made in the course as were at any rate sufficient in his opinion to protect him from a charge of manslaughter. This reminiscence was accordingly produced with much complacency, but my friends pointed out to me that Aylesbury was not Aintree, nor then now; and finally, being all of acutely legal minds, that what a third person had been heard to say could not be received as evidence. My story, therefore, though allowed to be interesting, was voted inconclusive.

At this point one of the company who had not hitherto talked much (though not habitually a silent man) took up his parable, at some length. What follows is to be understood as more or less representing the flow of his words.

The size of the fences is not the most common complaint one hears made against the courses now in use,—at least by the spectators—but a fence always looks small when surveyed from the secure elevation of your own legs. It is so long, however, since I have seen a steeple-chase ridden in England that my mind is a blank on the subject. Whether our friend's friend's criticism was just, whether it is endorsed by any other friend's friends, is unknown to me. But whenever I hear these matters discussed there always rises to my memory a steeple-chase I once saw ridden in Australia.

It was many years ago. I had not been long from England, and though I had heard much and seen something

of Australian horses and their riders, this was my first experience of their steeple-chasing. The season was mid-summer, being the first day of January in a year that need not be specified; the colony also shall be left to the imagination of those who have seen Australia only with the eyes of Mr. Trollope or Mr. Froude,—and very sharp eyes both those gentlemen used, though it is not wise to tell Australians so. The course was perfectly flat and as hard, and nearly as bare, as Lord's cricket-ground at the end of a dry summer. Every fence was visible from the stand; there were about eight or ten, I think, all of timber with the exception of a wall built up stoutly enough of turf and mud; there was no water, an element abhorred, so I was told, by all Australian horses, and not much affected, or so I fancied, by some of their riders. Statistics have rather vanished from my memory, in which indeed they never held a secure place, but my impression is that the course was about two miles round, and that about one half of the fences were, or had to be, jumped twice. But these details are quite unimportant now; what is important is, and will always remain, ineffaceable. In the straight run-in were four fences; of the distance between them I cannot speak certainly, but my impression is that between the first and last there cannot have been more than two hundred yards. They were the wickedest fences a horse's head was ever put at. All were of timber: two of posts and rails, which would not have bent beneath the weight of all the rogues in America; one was a paling—something like that which sent John Leech's old gentleman round by Shuffler's Bottom; the most devilish of all was made of rough half-logs so put together that the mountain bull of Caledon, who could crash the forest in his race, would have come thundering on them in vain. The pace was terrific, considering the nature of the ground and the fences. Every man—so says that high authority Whyte

Melville—has his own theories about riding at timber. The Honourable Crasher, we know, went as fast as his horse could carry him, on the principle that what you cannot clear you may break—though the only thing that cheerful sportsman could have broken on this course would have been his own neck. But speaking generally we may assume that it is the English custom to ride more slowly at timber than at other fences, and some famous riders of the old day were used to pull their horses back into a trot; we remember, too, the saying of that famous Paladin of the hunting-field, Assheton Smith,—“When a man goes a hundred miles an hour at his fences, depend upon it he funks.” These men went two hundred miles an hour, so to speak, at their fences, and most assuredly they did not funk. It was explained to me afterwards that Australian horses were accustomed to be ridden in this fashion, and that any attempt to ride them otherwise would inevitably end in disaster. Fate on a later day gave me sound, albeit painful, reasons for accepting this explanation, but at the time it seemed sheer midsummer madness. Some twelve or fourteen horses started, and there were no falls, refusals, or mistakes of any kind. As the field came up the straight a sheet might have covered it, the silk jackets glancing through the dust and the hoofs rattling in thunder on the sun-baked ground. My own riding days were not quite over then, and, though I had never professed to carry a spare neck in my pocket, those curious and uncertain parts of our composition we call our nerves were in tolerably good order. But this mad charge fairly frightened me. The slightest mistake in that crowd, at that pace, on that ground, must surely, it seemed, be fatal. And fatal it would surely have been, but there was no mistake. The whole lot sailed over the four fences as though they had been so many sheep-hurdles, or that accommodating turnpike-gate over which Black Bess used to bear her rider so gallantly before the eyes

of our enraptured infancy, and galloped off into the dusty distance with a flirt of their tails like so many colts at play.

They came with the rush of the Southern surf

On the bar of the storm-girt bay ;
And like muffled drums on the sounding turf
Their hoof-strokes echo away.

Everybody seemed to take it pretty much as a matter of course, though they told me, who was certainly not inclined to doubt it, that whenever anything did happen on these occasions, it was generally something serious; but to me it was certainly the most surprising performance I had ever seen, and so it remains in my memory to this day.

As I have quoted from one of Lindsay Gordon's galloping ballads—which, however, commemorate a race on the flat—I may add that I once and only once saw him ride across a country. It was not a very big affair, in respect of horses, riders or fences, and Gordon, though he generously tried to make a race, won as he pleased. He was not a pretty rider to look at, but a child could have told he was a strong one. Tall and thin and very long in the leg, he sat in the saddle not unlike a pair of compasses, and he leaned so far back over his fences that his jacket almost brushed his horse's quarters. A fall with him must have been an awkward matter, as it could hardly be possible for him to roll clear. But falls were not common with him, at least in race-riding. On the whole they were probably less common over the Australian courses than over the English ones, bad as they were when they did come; for one thing the ground was much lighter there than here, most of the races being run over grass-land, and then the fences, though much bigger and stronger than any our chasers are used to here, were almost always clean. The best chaser in Australia would probably not have stood up for half-a-dozen fields over an

English course, but on his own ground he was a marvel. All these things may have changed now; "I know not and I speak of what has been." The best horse and the best man must needs fall sometimes; but with Gordon there was one thing it would have puzzled any horse to do—he could not refuse. Fall he might, but jump he must; he was held in a grip of steel by arm and leg, and driven as they drive the Scotch express. On a slug or a rogue Gordon was invincible; with a generous horse he was apt, I have been told, to take liberties. His sight was bad; it was said that he could hardly see his fence till he was close on to it, and his general style of riding rather favoured the idea. In the race I saw him in there was no occasion for the display of a horseman's finer qualities, hands, judgment, temper: he had nothing to do but to sit in his saddle; but in respect of the first, I fancy there was more of the iron grasp than the velvet glove. On the whole his riding was perhaps of that kind which may be said to do more honour to a man's heart than his head. But about the heart there was never any shadow of doubt. The stories told of his exploits, done not in the delight of battle, the *χάρμν* of the race-course or the hunting-field, but in cold blood, were prodigious, nor was there any reason to disbelieve them. Not Assheton Smith, nor Dick Christian, nor any of the heroes of old, can have been more fearless himself or more capable of making his horse fearless. There is no lack of brave riders in Australia, though not so many perhaps whom English custom would call very good ones; but Gordon's utter disregard of consequences was something phenomenal. Like the Galloping Squire he was essentially "a rum one to follow, a bad one to beat."

OF A PORTRAIT.

Who are you, Painter?—nought is here
To tell us of your name or story,
To claim the gazer's smile or tear,
To dub you Whig, or damn you Tory.

Few who have seen it are likely soon to forget the portrait of John Graham, Viscount of Dundee, which was shown at the Stuart Exhibition last winter. Though the name by which he is popularly known, Bonny Dundee,—when he is not called Bloody Claver'se,—comes of course from Scott's ballad, and was not, as is sometimes fondly imagined, conferred on him by his contemporaries by reason of his good looks, it could certainly, if this portrait speak truth, be justified by the latter. The nearest to it in this respect is perhaps Vandyck's portrait of Charles Cavendish, "the young, the lovely and the brave" of Waller's elegy, who was killed in the cavalry affair at Gainsborough in the second year of our civil war. The two faces have a certain resemblance, but the young Scotchman's is the finest, and not only in point of comeliness; it has the character, the interest, the romance. To look at it, remembering the profane, rapacious, and violent savage of tradition, may furnish a lesson in myth-making no less amusing than instructive. But after all, perhaps the most curious thing about the portrait is that its history has entirely perished. No one knows by whom it was painted, or where, or when. There is no record of it in the family to whom it belongs, not even how or when it came into their possession. There is the picture,—a portrait of an extremely handsome young man, in dark armour, a lace cravat round his neck, and on his head a periwig or possibly his own hair long, full and curling: in the corner is written presumably by some other hand than the painter's, obviously, if the general belief be true, at a much later date than the painting, *Ld. Dundee, killed, 1689*; and beyond this there is no passing.

James Graham of Claverhouse was born some time between the years 1643 and 1649. The former date is the one generally accepted and has some contemporary authority for it; but the authority is not absolute, and

as he was entered at St. Andrews University in February, 1665, together with his younger brother David, there is some colour for the supposition that he was born in a later year than 1643. Fifteen or sixteen was a commoner age for matriculation in the seventeenth century than two and twenty, which would be an extreme age now; Montrose was only in his fifteenth year when he began his studies at St. Andrews. Between his birth and his appearance on the public stage of Scottish history, there are only three points of time in Claverhouse's career on which we can rest with any feeling of confidence; his matriculation at St. Andrews in 1665, his presence at the battle of Seneff in 1674, and his return to Scotland in 1677. Before taking service with William of Orange he is believed to have carried arms under the French flag. Many young gentlemen both English and Scottish followed Monmouth into France in 1672, Captain John Churchill among them and Hugh Mackay of Scourie, who met his countryman afterwards at Killiecrankie; it is very probable that Claverhouse was of the number, but there is no record of it. At any rate he was back in Scotland some time in 1677, and in the following year received, at the King's express desire, the command of a troop in a cavalry regiment newly raised for service in the Western Lowlands.

It is evident that this portrait is the portrait of a very young man,—of a lad of eighteen some people have thought, but the smooth oval face, the small mouth without even the shadow of a moustache, and the long curls are deceptive; it may be the face of a man of two or three and twenty. His biographer, Mark Napier, had no doubt that it was the work of a Dutch hand, done when Claverhouse was in William's service. If this be so, it would favour the later date of his birth; for if we put that in the year 1643, and allow him a period of service under the French King, he

must have been thirty when he joined the Dutch flag, and we can hardly read a man of thirty in this face. But it has been pronounced with some authority to be no Dutchman's work, which complicates matters terribly; and if we take it to be the portrait of a lad of eighteen the puzzle becomes well-nigh hopeless. The work has been ascribed both to Jameson and Dobson, but rashly, for Jameson died in 1644 and Dobson in 1646, and in the latter year Claverhouse cannot have been more than three years old and was possibly not born. If we take 1649 for the year of his birth, and assume him to have passed the customary period of time at St. Andrews, he would have left college in 1668 when he was nineteen. That year is given by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in the fragment of biography he handed over to Napier, as the year when Claverhouse went abroad. But there is no specified authority for this, and as it was not till 1672 that Monmouth joined the French army with a force of six thousand Scottish and English troops, Claverhouse may have spent those four years in Scotland, and some of the time possibly in England. This supposition, however, would allow him a very short period of service under the French flag; still it can be made to fit with the date of his matriculation and the battle of Seneff, which are, as I have said, the only certain points of time in this part of his life. The picture then, if painted in England or Scotland, cannot have been painted later than 1672, when Claverhouse was between twenty-three and twenty-nine years old. If we take the earliest date for his birth, and assume the portrait to represent a youth of eighteen, it would have been painted in 1661. This will give us a period of eleven years within which to find the painter.

Who, then, could he have been? Both Jameson and Dobson are, as we have seen, out of the question. The only other Scotchman painting during the necessary time in his own

country seems to have been John Seougal, the cousin of Patrick, bishop of Aberdeen. He painted in 1670 a portrait of Sir Archibald Primrose, now in the possession of his descendant Lord Rosebery; other works of his are to be seen in various parts of Scotland, notably three portraits, of William the Third, of Mary and of Anne, in the Glasgow collection—that of Mary, says Mr. Robert Brydal (author of "*Art in Scotland*") being "well drawn, good in colour, and suggestive of the influence of Vandyck's work." There was a Fleming, James, or Jacob de Witt, also painting in Scotland about this time, but mostly, it would seem, painting chimney-pieces and ceilings, though he was subsequently employed on portraits by James when Viceroy in Scotland, and by some of the nobility. But Seougal is the only native painter of whom there is any record as working north of the Tweed in these years; for Michael Wright, one of Jameson's pupils, settled in London when quite young, and Thomas Murray must have needed more than the precocity of the young Lipsius to have been painting portraits in 1672.

If we allow the possibility of Claverhouse having visited London before crossing the seas, of course the area of choice is widened; but even then it is not large, and small indeed if we accept the professional verdict that the picture is no foreign work. But this,—I write it with all humility—seems to me a somewhat arbitrary verdict, unless no more is implied than that it was not painted abroad. Indeed, to speak strictly, there was no native British school then; every painter held more or less directly of Vandyck. But if we take the limitation in its easier sense, this might be Lely's work, who is the accredited painter of the better known portrait belonging to Lord Strathmore,—though, as Napier has pointed out, the leading-staff seems to indicate an officer of higher rank than a captain of horse, which was all Claverhouse was when he could have sat

to Lely who died in 1680, and suggests the possibility of its being a work of Kneller's hand. Or it might have been painted by John Riley, a clever painter, and an amiable, modest man born in London in 1646 but not much heard of till Lely's death, and then rather over-crowded by the swaggering Kneller. Riley painted Charles, and it was on this portrait that the King passed his famous criticism—afterwards borrowed by Macaulay for one of his own portraits—"Odd's fish, if I'm like this, I'm an ugly fellow." There was also the aforesaid Michael Wright, who painted Prince Rupert in 1672; and John Greenhill, who studied under Lely, and is said to have been able to copy him and Vandyck to perfection, but who drank himself to death when still a young man in 1676. Old Stone, who could copy Vandyck almost as well as Greenhill, was dead eight years before our time, and Kneller did not settle in London till two years after it. But there may be others of whom my few and casual researches into the history of painting have not informed me. I would borrow Horace Walpole's apology, and beg the reader to excuse such brief and trifling articles, which are but an essay which may lead to further discoveries.

It has been hinted by some shameless sceptic that the picture is not contemporary with Claverhouse at all, but done after death from some other portrait by commission of some one who had known him in his youth and could tell the painter how he looked. This fable is founded on the inscription in the corner, which, as aforesaid, is in the style not of Graham of Claverhouse but of Lord Dundee, and on another circumstance perhaps not generally known. The portrait has been for a time beyond which no memory or record seem to run in the possession of the family of Lord Leven, it being now the property of Lady Elizabeth Melville Cartwright, cousin of the present Earl. After the Revolu-

tion of 1688, a certain Sir John Medina, a Spaniard born in Brussels, who had been painting portraits in London for the last few years, came to Scotland on the invitation of David, third Earl of Leven, who promised and procured him many commissions. He painted most of the Scottish nobility and other pictures, landscapes and historical pieces. Walpole says he took with him to Scotland many bodies ready finished, to which he added heads as occasion offered; it is certain at any rate that he placed the heads of the first Duke of Argyle and his two sons, John (Jeannie Deans's friend) and Archibald, on the bodies of Roman warriors, as may be seen in the Castle of Inverary to this day. It has been suggested by this unbeliever, whose name will assuredly perish with him, that this portrait of Claverhouse may be a work of this same Medina, sometimes called the Kneller of the North, and thus have become an heirloom of the Levens.

Against this heresy, if it be worth seriously refuting, may be set these two arguments: first, that the portrait has always been held authentic and contemporary both in the families of the Levens and the Grahams; secondly, that the learned in such matters roundly maintain that it can have been painted only from a living head. It may be added also that the evidence of the inscription is worthless, as it may clearly have been placed there by any hand at any time. The picture has been engraved more than once, but no plate that I have seen comes near to the refined and melancholy beauty of the original. The earliest known engraving is by Robert Williams, who divides with John Smith the fame of being the best workman in mezzotint of his time, which covers the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. It is a fine plate, save for the aforesaid exception, bearing the title of Viscount Dundee and his coat of arms, but no date. The engraving which stands as frontispiece to Napier's first volume has ob-

viously, as Napier came afterwards to see, been made up from this plate; and so, it is generally considered by competent authorities, have such others as exist—except of course the engraving of the Strathmore portrait which is given, I believe, to Smith. The Airth portrait (also engraved in Napier's first volume) is said to be an original, but there is no record of the painter or time of painting, and it has been suspected to be only another version of the Leven portrait, a common custom of those times both with brush and burin. In the Pepysian library at Cambridge there is a clumsy copy of Williams's engraving, which fixes its date at least not later than 1703, the year in which Pepys died. A very fine photograph was taken of the Leven portrait, by permission of the owner,

when it was on view in the Stuart Exhibition last year, by Mr. Cameron of Mortimer Street, who has added to his mother's gifts an amount of executive skill which has never yet been surpassed in this department of his profession.

So I can only end as I began—who was the painter? Whoever he was, Scotchman, Englishman, or Dutchman, he must, though nameless now, have been a great master at the moment when he did this thing; for, over and above the accident of the beautiful face, there are few if any portraits of the time, that have been exhibited in this kingdom, finer in colour or execution. More than this, no man can say. It hangs in its Northamptonshire home, as great a puzzle to posterity as Claverhouse himself!

THE HEAD OF THE DISTRICT.

I.

THE Indus had risen in flood without warning. Last night it was a fordable shallow; to-night five miles of raving muddy water parted bank and caving bank, and the river was still rising under the moon. A litter borne by six bearded men, all unused to the employ, stopped in the white sand that bordered the whiter plain.

"It's God's will," they said. "We dare not cross to-night, even in a boat. Let us light a fire and cook food. We be tired men."

They looked at the litter inquiringly. Within, the Deputy Commissioner of the Kot-Kumharsen district lay dying of fever. They had brought him across country, six fighting-men of a frontier clan that he had won over to the paths of a moderate righteousness, when he had broken down at the foot of their inhospitable hills. And Tallantire, his assistant, rode with them, heavy-hearted as heavy-eyed with sorrow and lack of sleep. He had served under the sick man for three years, and had learned to love him as men associated in toil of the hardest learn to love—or hate. Dropping from his horse he parted the curtains of the litter and peered inside.

"Orde—Orde, old man, can you hear? We have to wait till the river goes down, worse luck."

"I hear," returned a dry whisper. "Wait till the river goes down. I thought we should reach camp before the dawn. Polly knows. She'll meet me."

One of the litter-men stared across the river and caught a faint twinkle of light on the far side. He whispered to Tallantire: "There are his camp-fires, and his wife. They will cross in the morning, for they have better boats. Can he live so long?"

Tallantire shook his head. Yardley Orde was very near to death. What need to vex his soul with hopes of a meeting that could not be? The river gulped at the banks, brought down a cliff of sand, and snarled the more hungrily. The litter-men sought for fuel in the waste—dried camel-thorn and refuse of the camps that had waited at the ford. Their sword-belts clinked as they moved softly in the haze of the moonlight, and Tallantire's horse coughed to explain that he would like a blanket.

"I'm cold too," said the voice from the litter. "I fancy this is the end. Poor Polly!"

Tallantire rearranged the blankets; Khoda Dad Khan, seeing this, stripped off his own heavy-wadded sheepskin coat and added it to the pile. "I shall be warm by the fire presently," said he. Tallantire took the wasted body of his chief into his arms and held it against his breast. Perhaps if they kept him very warm Orde might live to see his wife once more. If only blind Providence would send a three-foot fall in the river!

"That's better," said Orde faintly. "Sorry to be a nuisance, but is—there anything to drink?"

They gave him milk and whisky, and Tallantire felt a little warmth against his own breast. Orde began to mutter.

"It isn't that I mind dying," he said. "It's leaving Polly and the district. Thank God! we have no children. Dick, you know, I'm dipped—awfully dipped—debts in my first five years' service. It isn't much of a pension, but enough for her. She has her mother at home. Getting there is the difficulty. And—and—you see, not being a soldier's wife—"

"We'll arrange the passage home, of course," said Tallantire quietly.

"It's not nice to think of sending round the hat; but, good Lord! how many men I lie here and remember that had to do it! Morten's dead—he was of my year. Shaughnessy is dead, and he had children; I remember he used to read us their school letters; what a bore we thought him! Evans is dead—Kot-Kumbarsen killed him. Ricketts of Myndonie is dead—and I'm going too. Man that is born of a woman is small potatoes and few in the hill. That reminds me, Dick; the four Khusru Kheyl villages in our border want a one-third remittance this spring. That's fair; their crops are bad. See that they get it, and speak to Ferris about the canal. I should like to have lived till that was finished; it means so much for the North-Indus villages—but Ferris is an idle beggar—wake him up. You'll have charge of the district till my successor comes. I wish they would appoint you permanently; you know the folk. I suppose it will be Bullows, though. Good man, but too weak for frontier work; and he doesn't understand the priests. The blind priest at Jagai will bear watching. You'll find it in my papers,—in the uniform-case, I think. Call the Khusru Kheyl men up; I'll hold my last public audience. Khoda Dad Khan!"

The leader of the men sprang to the side of the litter, his companions following.

"Men, I'm dying," said Orde quickly, in the vernacular; "and soon there will be no more Orde Sahib to twist your tails and prevent you from raiding cattle."

"God forbid this thing!" broke out the deep bass chorus. "The Sahib is not going to die."

"Yes, he is; and then he will know whether Mahomed speaks truth, or Moses. But you must be good men, when I am not here. Such of you as live in our borders must pay your taxes quietly as before. I have spoken of the villages to be gently treated this year. Such of you as live in the hills must refrain from cattle-lifting, and burn no more thatch, and turn a

deaf ear to the voice of the priests, who, not knowing the strength of the Government, would lead you into foolish wars, wherein you will surely die and your crops be eaten by strangers. And you must not sack any caravans, and must leave your arms at the police-post when you come in; as has been your custom, and my order. And Tallantire Sahib will be with you, but I do not know who takes my place. I speak now true talk, for I am as it were already dead, my children,—for though ye be strong men, ye are children."

"And thou art our father and our mother," broke in Khoda Dad Khan with an oath. "What shall we do, now there is no one to speak for us, or to teach us to go wisely!"

"There remains Tallantire Sahib. Go to him; he knows your talk and your heart. Keep the young men quiet, listen to the old men, and obey. Khoda Dad Khan, take my ring. The watch and chain go to thy brother. Keep those things for my sake, and I will speak to whatever God I may encounter and tell him that the Khusru Kheyl are good men. Ye have my leave to go."

Khoda Dad Khan, the ring upon his finger, choked audibly as he caught the well-known formula that closed an interview. His brother turned to look across the river. The dawn was breaking, and a speck of white showed on the dull silver of the stream. "She comes," said the man under his breath. "Can he live for another two hours?" And he pulled the newly-acquired watch out of his belt and looked unconprehendingly at the dial, as he had seen Englishmen do.

For two hours the bellying sail tacked and blundered up and down the river, Tallantire still clasping Orde in his arms, and Khoda Dad Khan chafing his feet. He spoke now and again of the district and his wife, but, as the end neared, more frequently of the latter. They hoped he did not know that she was even then risking her life in a crazy native boat to regain

him. But the awful foreknowledge of the dying deceived them. Wrenching himself forward, Orde looked through the curtains and saw how near was the sail. "That's Polly," he said simply, though his mouth was wried with agony. "Polly and—the grimest practical joke ever played on a man. Dick—you'll—have—to—explain."

And an hour later Tallantire met on the bank a woman in a gingham riding-habit and a sun-hat who cried out to him for her husband—her boy and her darling—while Khoda Dad Khan threw himself face-down on the sand and covered his eyes.

II.

THE very simplicity of the notion was its charm. What more easy to win a reputation for far-seeing statesmanship, originality, and, above all, deference to the desires of the people, than by appointing a child of the country to the rule of that country? Two hundred millions of the most loving and grateful folk under Her Majesty's dominion would laud the fact and their praise would endure for ever. Yet he was indifferent to praise or blame, as befitted the Very Greatest of All the Viceroys. His administration was based upon principle, and the principle must be enforced in season and out of season. His pen and tongue had created the New India, teeming with possibilities—loud voiced, insistent, a nation among nations—all his very own. Wherefore the Very Greatest of all the Viceroys took another step in advance, and with it counsel of those who should have advised him on the appointment of a successor to Yardley Orde. There was a gentleman and a member of the Bengal Civil Service who had won his place and a university degree to boot, in fair and open competition with the sons of the English. He was cultured, of the world, and, if report spoke truly, had wisely and, above all, sympathetically ruled a crowded district in

South Eastern Bengal. He had been to England and charmed many drawing-rooms there. His name, if the Viceroy recollected aright, was Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, M.A. In short, did anybody see any objection to the appointment, always on principle, of a man of the people to rule the people? The district in South Eastern Bengal might with advantage, he apprehended, pass over to a younger civilian of Mr. G. C. Dé's nationality (who had written a remarkably clever pamphlet on the political value of sympathy in administration); and Mr. G. C. Dé could be transferred northward to Kot-Kumharsen. The Viceroy was averse, on principle, to interfering with appointments under control of the Provincial Governments. He wished it to be understood that he merely recommended and advised in this instance. As regarded the mere question of race, Mr. Grish Chunder Dé was more English than the English, and yet possessed of that peculiar sympathy and insight which the best among the best Service in the world could only win to at the end of their service.

The stern, black-bearded kings who sit about the Council-board of India, divided on the step with the inevitable result of driving the Very Greatest of All the Viceroys into the borders of hysteria, and a bewildered obstinacy pathetic as that of a child.

"The principle is sound enough," said the weary-eyed Head of the Red Provinces in which Kot-Kumharsen lay, for he too held theories. "The only difficulty is——"

"Put the screw on the District officials; brigade Dé with a very strong Deputy Commissioner on each side of him; give him the best assistant in the Province; rub the fear of God into the people beforehand; and if anything goes wrong, say that his colleagues didn't back him up. All these lovely little experiments recoil on the District-Officer in the end," said the Knight of the Drawn Sword with a truthful brutality that made

the Head of the Red Provinces shudder. And on a tacit understanding of this kind the transfer was accomplished, as quietly as might be for many reasons.

It is sad to think that what goes for public opinion in India did not generally see the wisdom of the Viceroy's appointment. There were not lacking indeed hireling organs, notoriously in the pay of a tyrannous bureaucracy, who more than hinted that His Excellency was a fool, a dreamer of dreams, a doctrinaire, and, worst of all, a trifler with the lives of men. "The Viceroy's Excellence Gazette," published in Calcutta, was at pains to thank "Our beloved Viceroy for once more and again thus gloriously vindicating the potentialities of the Bengali nations for extended executive and administrative duties in foreign parts beyond our ken. We do not at all doubt that our excellent fellow-townsmen, Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, Esq., M.A., will uphold the prestige of the Bengali, notwithstanding what underhand intrigue and *peshbundi* may be set on foot to insidiously nip his fame and blast his prospects among the proud civilians, some of which will now have to serve under a despised native and take orders too. How will you like that, Mist'ers? We entreat our beloved Viceroy still to substantiate himself superiorly to race-prejudice and colour-blindness, and to allow the flower of this now *our* Civil Service all the full pays and allowances granted to his more fortunate brethren."

III.

"WHEN does this man take over charge? I'm alone just now, and I gather that I'm to stand fast under him."

"Would you have cared for a transfer?" said Bullows keenly. Then, laying his hand on Tallantire's shoulder: "We're all in the same boat; don't desert us. And yet, why the devil should you stay, if you can get another charge?"

"It was Orde's," said Tallantire, simply.

"Well, it's Dé's now. He's a Bengali of the Bengalis, crammed with code and case law; a beautiful man so far as routine and deskwork go, and pleasant to talk to. They naturally have always kept him in his own home-district, where all his sisters and his cousins and his aunts lived, somewhere south of Dacca. He did no more than turn the place into a pleasant little family preserve, allowed his subordinates to do what they liked, and let everybody have a chance at the shekels. Consequently he's immensely popular down there."

"I've nothing to do with that. How on earth am I to explain to the district that they are going to be governed by a Bengali? Do you—does the Government, I mean—suppose that the Khusru Kheyl will sit quiet when they once know? What will the Mahomedan heads of villages say? How will the police—Muzbi Sikhs and Pathans—how will *they* work under him? We couldn't say anything if the Government appointed a sweeper; but my people will say a good deal, you know that. It's a piece of cruel folly!"

"My dear boy, I know all that, and more. I've represented it, and have been told that I am exhibiting 'culpable and puerile prejudice.' By Jove, if the Khusru Kheyl don't exhibit something worse than that I don't know the Border! The chances are that you will have the district alight on your hands, and I shall have to leave my work and help you pull through. I needn't ask you to stand by the Bengali man in every possible way. You'll do that for your own sake."

"For Orde's. I can't say that I care twopence personally."

"Don't be an ass. It's grievous enough, God knows, and the Government will know later on; but that's no reason for your sulking. *You* must try to run the district; *you* must stand between him and as much insult as possible; *you* must show him the ropes;

you must pacify the Khusru Khey! and just warn Curbar of the Police to look out for trouble by the way. I'm always at the end of a telegraph-wire, and willing to peril my reputation to hold the district together. You'll lose yours, of course. If you keep things straight, and he isn't actually beaten with a stick when he's on tour, he'll get all the credit. If anything goes wrong, you'll be told that you didn't support him loyally."

"I know what I've got to do," said Tallantire, wearily, "and I'm going to do it. But it's hard."

"The work is with us, the event is with Allah,—as Orde used to say when he was more than usually in hot water." And Bullows rode away.

That two gentlemen in Her Majesty's Bengal Civil Service should thus discuss a third, also in that service, and a cultured and affable man withal, seems strange and saddening. Yet listen to the artless babble of the Blind Mullah of Jagai, the priest of the Khusru Khey!, sitting upon a rock overlooking the Border. Five years before, a chance-hurled shell from a screw-gun battery had dashed earth in the face of the Mullah, then urging a rush of Ghazis against half a dozen British bayonets. So he became blind, and hated the English none the less for the little accident. Yardley Orde knew his failing and had many times laughed at him therefore.

"Dogs you are," said the Blind Mullah to the listening tribesmen round the fire. "Whipped dogs! Because you listened to Orde Sahib and called him father and behaved as his children, the British Government have proven how they regard you. Orde Sahib ye know is dead."

"Ai! ai! ai!" said half a dozen voices.

"He was a man. Comes now in his stead, whom think ye? A Bengali of Bengal—an eater of fish from the South."

"A lie!" said Khoda Dad Khan. And but for the small matter of thy

priesthood, I'd drive my gun butt first down thy throat."

"Oho, art thou there, lickspittle of the English? Go in to-morrow across the Border to pay service to Orde Sahib's successor, and thou shalt slip thy shoes at the tent-door of a Bengali, as thou shalt hand thy offering to a Bengali's black fist. This I know; and in my youth when a young man spoke evil to a Mullah holding the doors of Heaven and Hell, the gun-butt was not rammed down the Mullah's gullet. No!"

The Blind Mullah hated Khoda Dad Khan with Afghan hatred; both being rivals for the headship of the tribe, but the latter was feared for bodily as the other for spiritual gifts. Khoda Dad Khan looked at Orde's ring and grunted, "I go in to-morrow because I am not an old fool, preaching war against the English. If the Government, smitten with madness, have done this, then . . ."

"Then," croaked the Mullah, "thou wilt take out the young men and strike at the four villages within the Border?"

"Or wring thy neck, black raven of Jehannum, for a bearer of ill-tidings?"

Khoda Dad Khan oiled his long locks with great care, put on his best Bokhara belt, a new turban-cap and fine green shoes, and accompanied by a few friends came down from the hills to pay a visit to the new Deputy Commissioner of Kot-Kumharsen. Also he bore tribute—four or five priceless gold mohurs of Akbar's time in a white handkerchief. These the Deputy Commissioner would touch and remit. The little ceremony used to be a sign that, so far as Khoda Dad Khan's personal influence went, the Khusru Khey! would be good boys,—till the next time; especially if Khoda Dad Khan happened to like the new Deputy Commissioner. In Yardley Orde's consulship his visit concluded with a sumptuous dinner and perhaps forbidden liquors, certainly with some wonderful tales and great good-fellowship. Then Khoda Dad Khan would swagger back to his hold,

vowing that Orde Sahib was one prince and Tallantire Sahib another, and that whosoever went a-raiding into British territory would be flayed alive. On this occasion he found the Deputy Commissioner's tents looking much as usual. Regarding himself as privileged he strode through the open door to confront a suave, portly Bengali in English costume writing at a table. Unversed in the elevating influence of education, and not in the least caring for university degrees, Khoda Dad Khan promptly set the man down for a Babu—the native clerk of the Deputy Commissioner—a hated and despised animal.

"Ugh!" said he cheerfully. "Where's your master, Babujee?"

"I am the Deputy Commissioner," said the gentleman in English.

Now he over-valued the effects of university degrees and stared Khoda Dad Khan in the face. But if from your earliest infancy you have been accustomed to look on battle, murder, and sudden death, if spilt blood affects your nerves as much as red paint, and, above all, if you have faithfully believed that the Bengali was the servant of all Hindustan, and that all Hindustan was vastly inferior to your own large, lustful self, you can endure, even though uneducated, a very large amount of looking over. You can even stare down a graduate of an Oxford college if the latter has been born in a hot-house, of stock bred in a hothouse, and fearing physical pain as some men fear sin; especially if your opponent's mother has frightened him to sleep in his youth with horrible stories of devils inhabiting Afghanistan, and dismal legends of the black North. The eyes behind the gold spectacles sought the floor. Khoda Dad Khan chuckled, and swung out to find Tallantire hard by. "Here," said he roughly, thrusting the coins before him, "Touch and remit. That answers for my good behaviour. But, O Sahib, has the Government gone mad to send a black Bengali dog to us? And am I to pay service to such an one? And

are you to work under him? What does it mean?"

"It is an order," said Tallantire. He had expected something of this kind. "He is a very clever S-sahib."

"He a Sahib! He's a *kala admi*—a black man—unfit to run at the tail of a potter's donkey. All the peoples of the earth have harried Bengal. It is written. Thou knowest when we of the North wanted women or plunder whither went we? To Bengal—where else? What child's talk is this of Sahibdom—after Orde Sahib too! Of a truth the Blind Mullah was right."

"What of him?" asked Tallantire uneasily. He mistrusted that old man with his dead eyes and his deadly tongue.

"Nay, now, because of the oath that I swear to Orde Sahib when we watched him die by the river yonder, I will tell. In the first place, is it true that the English have set the heel of the Bengali on their own neck, and that there is no more English rule in the land?"

"I am here," said Tallantire, "and I serve the Maharanee of England."

"The Mullah said otherwise, and further that because we loved Orde Sahib the Government sent us a pig to show that we were dogs, who till now have been held by the strong hand. Also that they were taking away the white soldiers, that more Hindustanis might come, and that all was changing."

This is the worst of ill-considered handling of a very large country. What looks so feasible in Calcutta, so right in Bombay, so unassailable in Madras, is misunderstood by the North and entirely changes its complexion on the banks of the Indus. Khoda Dad Khan explained as clearly as he could that, though he himself intended to be good, he really could not answer for the more reckless members of his tribe under the leadership of the Blind Mullah. They might or they might not give trouble, but they certainly had no intention whatever of obeying the new Deputy Commissioner. Was Tallantire

perfectly sure that in the event of any systematic border-raiding the force in the district could put it down promptly?

"Tell the Mullah if he talks any more fool's talk," said Tallantire curtly, "that he takes his men on to certain death, and his tribe to blockade, trespass-fine and blood-money. But why do I talk to one who no longer carries weight in the counsels of the tribe?"

Khoda Dad Khan pocketed that insult. He had learned something he much wanted to know, and returned to his hills to be sarcastically complimented by the Mullah whose tongue raging round the camp-fires was deadlier flame than ever dung-cake fed.

IV.

BE pleased to consider here for a moment the unknown district of Kot-Kumharsen. It lay cut lengthways by the Indus under the line of the Khusru hills—a rampart of useless earth and tumbled stone. It was seventy miles long by fifty broad, maintained a population of something less than two hundred thousand, and paid taxes to the extent of forty thousand pounds a year on an area that was rather more than half sheer, hopeless waste. The cultivators were not gentle people, the miners for salt were less gentle still, and the cattle-breeders least gentle of all. A police-post in the top right-hand corner and a tiny mud fort in the top left-hand corner, prevented as much salt-smuggling and cattle-lifting as the influence of the civilians could not put down; and in the bottom right-hand corner lay Jumala, the district head-quarters—a pitiful knot of limewashed barns facetiously rented as houses, reeking with frontier fever, leaking in the rain, and ovens in the summer.

It was to this place that Grish Chunder Dé was travelling, there formally to take over charge of the district. But the news of his coming had gone before. Bengalis were as scarce as

poodles among the simple Borderers, who cut each other's heads open with their long spades and worshipped impartially at Hindu and Mahomedan shrines. They crowded to see him, pointing at him, and diversely comparing him to a gravid milch-buffalo, or a broken-down horse, as their limited range of metaphor prompted. They laughed at his police-guard, and wished to know how long the burly Sikhs were going to lead Bengali apes. They inquired whether he had brought his women with him, and advised him explicitly not to tamper with theirs. It remained for a wrinkled hag by the road-side to slap her lean breasts as he passed, crying:—"I have suckled six that could have eaten six thousand of *him*. The Government shot them, and made this That a king!" Whereat a blue-turbaned, huge-boned ploughmender shouted:—"Have hope, mother o' mine! He may yet go the way of thy wastrels." And the children, the little brown puff-balls, regarded curiously. It was generally a good thing for infancy to stray into Orde Sahib's tent, where copper coins were to be won for the mere wishing, and tales of the most authentic, such as even their mothers knew but the first half of. No! This fat black man could never tell them how Pir Prith hauled the eye-teeth out of ten devils; how the big stones came to lie all in a row on top of the Khusru hills, and what happened if you shouted through the village-gate to the grey wolf at even "Badl Khas is dead." Meantime Grish Chunder Dé talked hastily and much to Tallantire, after the manner of those who are "more English than the English,"—of Oxford and "home," with much curious book-knowledge of bump-suppers, cricket-matches, hunting-runs, and other unholy sports of the alien. "We must get these fellows in hand," he said once or twice uneasily; "get them well in hand, and drive them on a light rein. No use, you know, being slack with your district."

And a moment later Tallantire

heard Debendra Nath Dé, who brotherlywise had followed his kinsman's fortune and hoped for the shadow of his protection as a pleader, whisper in Bengali:—"Better are dried fish at Dacca than drawn swords at Delhi. Brother of mine, these men are devils, as our mother said. And you will always have to ride upon a horse!"

That night there was a public audience in a broken-down little town thirty miles from Jumala, when the new Deputy Commissioner, in reply to the greetings of the subordinate native officials, delivered a speech. It was a carefully thought-out speech, which would have been very valuable had not his third sentence begun with three innocent words, "*Hamara hookum hai*—It is my order." Then there was a laugh, clear and bell-like, from the back of the big tent where a few border land-holders sat, and the laugh grew and scorn mingled with it, and the lean, keen face of Debendra Nath Dé paled, and Grish Chunder turning to Tallantire spake:—"You—you put up this arrangement." Upon that instant the noise of hoofs rang without, and there entered Curbar, the District Superintendent of Police, sweating and dusty. The State had tossed him into a corner of the province for seventeen weary years, there to check smuggling of salt, and to hope for promotion that never came. He had forgotten how to keep his white uniform clean, had screwed rusty spurs into patent-leather shoes, and clothed his head indifferently with a helmet or a turban. Soured, old, worn with heat and cold, he waited till he should be entitled to sufficient pension to keep him from starving.

"Tallantire," said he, disregarding Grish Chunder Dé, "come outside. I want to speak to you." They withdrew. "It's this," continued Curbar. "The Khusrú Khéyl have rushed and cut up half a dozen of the coolies on Ferris's new canal-embankment; killed a couple of men and carried off a woman; I wouldn't trouble you about

that—Ferris is after them and Hugonin, my assistant, with ten mounted police. But that's only the beginning, I fancy. Their fires are out on the Hassan Ardeb heights, and unless we're pretty quick there'll be a flare up all along our Border. They are sure to raid the four Khusrú villages on our side of the line: there's been bad blood between them for years; and you know the Blind Mullah has been preaching a holy war since Orde went out. What's your notion?"

"Dam!" said Tallantire, thoughtfully. "They've begun quick. Well, it seems to me I'd better ride off to Fort Ziar and get what men I can there to picket among the lowland villages, if it's not too late. Tommy Dodd commands at Fort Ziar, I think. Ferris and Hugonin ought to teach the canal thieves a lesson, and . . . No, we can't have the Head of the Police ostentatiously guarding the treasury. You go back to the canal. I'll wire Bullows to come in to Jumala with a strong police-guard, and sit on the treasury. They won't touch the place, but it looks well."

"I—I—I insist upon knowing what this means," said the voice of the Deputy Commissioner, who had followed the speakers after an interval.

"Oh!" said Curbar, who being in the Police could not understand that fifteen years of education must, on principle, change the Bengali into a Briton. "There has been a fight on the Border, and heaps of men are killed. There's going to be another fight, and heaps more will be killed."

"What for?"

"Because the teeming millions of this district don't exactly approve of you, and think that under your benign rule they are going to have a good time. It strikes me that you had better make arrangements. I act, as you know, by your orders. What do you advise?"

"I—I take you all to witness that I have not yet assumed charge of the district," stammered the Deputy Com-

missioner, not in the tones of the "more English."

"Ah, I thought so. Well, as I was saying, Tallantire, your plan is sound. Carry it out. Do you want an escort?"

"No; only a decent horse. But how about wiring to head-quarters?"

"I fancy, from the colour of his cheeks, that your superior officer will send some wonderful telegrams before the night's over. Let him do that, and we shall have half the troops of the province coming up to see what's the trouble. Well, run along, and take care of yourself—the Khusru Kheyl job upwards from beneath, remember. Ho! Mir Khan, give Tallantire Sahib the best of the horses, and tell five men to ride to Jumala with the Deputy Commissioner Sahib Bahadur. There is a hurry toward."

There was; and it was not in the least bettered by Debendra Nath Dé, clinging to a policeman's bridle and demanding the shortest, the very shortest way to Jumala. Now originality is fatal to the Bengali. Debendra Nath should have stayed with his brother who rode steadfastly for Jumala on the railway line, thanking gods entirely unknown to the most catholic of universities that he had not taken charge of the district, and could still—happy resource of a fertile race!—fall sick.

And I grieve to say that when he reached his goal two policemen, not devoid of rude wit, who had been conferring together as they bumped in their saddles, arranged an entertainment for his behoof. It consisted of first one and then the other entering his room with prodigious details of war, the massing of bloodthirsty and devilish tribes, and the burning of towns. It was almost as good, said these scamps, as riding with Curbar after evasive Afghans. Each invention kept the hearer at work for half-an-hour on telegrams which the sack of Delhi would hardly have justified. To every power that could move a bayonet or transfer a terrified man,

Grish Chunder Dé appealed telegraphically. He was alone, his assistants had fled, and in truth he had not taken over charge of the district. Had the telegrams been despatched many things would have occurred; but since the only signaller in Jumala had gone to bed and the station-master after one look at the tremendous pile of paper discovered that railway regulations forbade the forwarding of imperial messages, policemen Ram Singh and Nihal Singh were fain to turn the stuff into a pillow and slept thereon very comfortably.

Tallantire drove his spurs into a rampant skewbald stallion with china-blue eyes, and settled himself for the forty mile ride to Fort Ziar. Knowing his district blindfold he wasted no time hunting for short cuts, but headed across the richer grazing-ground to the ford where Orde had died and been buried. The dusty ground deadened the noise of his horse's hoofs, the moon threw his shadow, a restless goblin, before him, and the heavy dew drenched him to the skin. Hillock, scrub that brushed against the horse's belly, unmetalled road where the whip-like foliage of the tamarisks lashed his forehead, illimitable levels of lowland furred with bent and speckled with drowsing cattle, waste and hillock anew, dragged themselves past and the skewbald was labouring in the deep sand of the Indus-ford. Tallantire was conscious of no distinct thought till the nose of the dawdling ferry-boat grounded on the further side, and his horse shied snorting at the white head-stone of Orde's grave. Then he uncovered, and shouted that the dead might hear:—"They're out, old man! Wish me luck." In the chill of the dawn he was hammering with a stirrup-iron at the gate of Fort Ziar where fifty sabres of that tattered regiment, the Belooch Beshaklis, were supposed to guard Her Majesty's interests along a few hundred miles of Border. This particular fort was commanded by a subaltern who, born of the ancient family of the Derouletts,

naturally answered to the name of Tommy Dodd. Him Tallantire found robed in a sheepskin coat, shaking with fever like an aspen, and trying to read the native apothecary's list of invalids.

"So you're come, too," said he. "Well, we're all sick here, and I don't think I can horse thirty men; but we're bub—bub—bub blessed willing. Stop, does this impress you as a trap or a lie?" He tossed a scrap of paper to Tallantire, on which was written painfully in crabbed Gurmukhi: "We cannot hold young horses. They will feed after the moon goes down in the four border villages issuing from the Jagai pass, on the next night." Then in English round hand—"Your sincere friend."

"Good man!" said Tallantire. "That's Khoda Dad Khan's work, I know. It's the only piece of English he could ever keep in his head, and he is immensely proud of it. He is playing against the Blind Mullah for his own hand—the treacherous young ruffian!"

"Don't know the politics of the Khusru Kheyl, but if you're satisfied, I am. That was pitched in over the gate-head last night, and I thought we might pull ourselves together and see what was on. Oh, but we're sick with fever here and no mistake! Is this going to be a big business, think you?"

Tallantire told him briefly the outlines of the case, and Tommy Dodd whistled and shook with fever alternately. That day he devoted to strategy, the art of war and the enlivenment of the invalids, till at dusk there stood ready forty-two troopers, lean, worn, and dishevelled, whom Tommy Dodd surveyed with pride, and addressed thus:—"O men! If you die you will go to Hell. Therefore endeavour to keep alive. But if you go to Hell that place cannot be hotter than this place, and we are not told that we shall there suffer from fever. Consequently be not afraid of dying. File out there!" And they grinned, and went.

V.

It will be long ere the Khusru Kheyl forget their night attack on the lowland villages. The Mullah had promised an easy victory and unlimited plunder; but behold, armed troopers of the Queen had risen out of the very earth, cutting, slashing, and riding down under the stars, so that no man knew where to turn, and all feared that they had brought an army about their ears, and ran back to the hills. In the panic of that flight more men were seen to drop from wounds inflicted by an Afghan knife jobbed upwards, and yet more from long-range carbine-fire. Then there rose a cry of treachery, and when they reached their own guarded heights they had left, with some forty dead and sixty wounded, all their confidence in the Blind Mullah on the plains below. They clamoured, swore, and argued round the fires; the women wailing for the lost, and the Mullah shrieking curses on the returned.

Then Khoda Dad Khan, eloquent and unbreathed, for he had taken no part in the fight, rose to improve the occasion. He pointed out that the tribe owed every item of its present misfortune to the Blind Mullah, who had lied in every possible particular and talked them into a trap. It was undoubtedly an insult that a Bengali, the son of a Bengali, should presume to administer the Border, but that fact did not, as the Mullah pretended, herald a general time of license and lifting; and the inexplicable madness of the English had not in the least impaired their power of guarding their marches. On the contrary, the baffled and out-generalled tribe would now, just when their food-stock was lowest, be blockaded from any trade with Hindustan until they had sent hostages for good behaviour, paid compensation for disturbance, and blood-money at the rate of thirty-six English pounds per head for every villager that they might have

slain. "And ye know that those low-land dogs will make oath that we have slain scores. Will the Mullah pay the fines or must we sell our guns?" A low growl ran round the fires. "Now, seeing that all this is the Mullah's work, and that we have gained nothing but promises of Paradise thereby, it is in my heart that we of the Khusru Kheyl lack a shrine whereat to pray. We are weakened, and henceforth how shall we dare to cross into the Madar Kheyl border, as has been our custom, to kneel to Pir Sajji's tomb? The Madar men will fall upon us, and rightly. But our Mullah is a holy man. He has helped two score of us into Paradise this night. Let him therefore accompany his flock, and we will build over his body a dome of the blue tiles of Mooltan, and burn lamps at his feet every Friday night. He shall be a saint: we shall have a shrine; and there our women shall pray for fresh seed to fill the gaps in our fighting-tale. How think you?"

A grim chuckle followed the suggestion, and the soft *whEEP, whEEP* of unsabbarded knives followed the chuckle. It was an excellent notion, and met a long felt want of the tribe. The Mullah sprang to his feet, glaring with withered eyeballs at the drawn death he could not see, and calling down the curses of God and Mahomed on the tribe. Then began a game of blind man's buff round and between the fires, whereof Khuruk Shah, the tribal poet, has sung in verse that will not die.

They tickled him gently under the armpit with the knife-point. He leaped aside screaming, only to feel a cold blade drawn lightly over the back of his neck, or a rifle-muzzle rubbing his beard. He called on his adherents to aid him, but most of these lay dead on the plains, for Khoda Dad Khan had been at some pains to arrange their decease. Men described to him the glories of the shrine they would build, and the little children clapping their hands cried:—"Run, Mullah, run! There's

a man behind you!" In the end, when the sport wearied, Khoda Dad Khan's brother sent a knife home between his ribs. "Wherefore," said Khoda Dad Khan with charming simplicity, "I am now Chief of the Khusru Kheyl!" No man gainsaid him; and they all went to sleep very stiff and sore.

On the plain below Tommy Dodd was lecturing on the beauties of a cavalry charge by night, and Tallantire, bowed on his saddle, was gasping hysterically because there was a sword dangling from his wrist flecked with the blood of the Khusru Kheyl, the tribe that Orde had kept in leash so well. When a Rajpoot trooper pointed out that the skewbald's right ear had been taken off at the root by some blind slash of its unskilled rider, Tallantire broke down altogether, and laughed and sobbed till Tommy Dodd made him lie down and rest.

"We must wait about till the morning," said he. "I wired to the Colonel just before we left, to send a wing of the Beshaklis after us. He'll be furious with me for monopolising the fun, though. Those beggars in the hills won't give us any more trouble."

"Then tell the Beshaklis to go on and see what has happened to Curbar on the canal. We must patrol the whole line of the Border. You're quite sure, Tommy, that—that stuff was—was only the skewbald's ear?"

"Oh, quite," said Tommy. "You just missed cutting off his head. I saw you when we went into the mess. Sleep, old man."

Noon brought two squadrons of Beshaklis and a knot of furious brother officers demanding the court-martial of Tommy Dodd for "spoiling the picnic," and a gallop across country to the canal-works where Ferris, Curbar, and Hugonin were haranguing the terror-stricken coolies on the enormity of abandoning good work and high pay, merely because half a dozen of their fellows had been cut down. The sight of a troop of the Beshaklis restored wavering confidence, and the

police-hunted section of the Khusru Kheyl had the joy of watching the canal bank humming with life as usual, while such of their men as had taken refuge in the water-courses and ravines were being driven out by the troopers. By sundown began the remorseless patrol of the Border by police and trooper, most like the cow-boys' eternal ride round restless cattle.

"Now," said Khoda Dad Khan, pointing out a line of twinkling fires, "ye may see how far the old order changes. After their horse will come the little devil-guns that they can drag up to the tops of the hills, and, for aught I know, to the clouds when we crown the hills. If the tribe-council thinks good, I will go to Tallantire Sahib—who loves me—and see if I can stave off at least the blockade. Do I speak for the tribe?"

"Ay, speak for the tribe in God's name. How those accursed fires wink! Do the English send their troops on the wire—or is this the work of the Bengali?"

As Khoda Dad Khan went down the hill he was delayed by an interview with a hard-pressed tribesman, which caused him to return hastily for something he had forgotten. Then, handing himself over to the two troopers, who had been chasing his friend, he demanded escort to Tallantire Sahib, then with Bullows at Jumala. The Border was safe, and the time for reasons in writing had begun.

"Thank Heaven!" said Bullows, "that the trouble came at once. Of course we can never put down the reason in black and white, but all India will understand. And it is better to have a sharp short outbreak, than five years of impotent administration inside the Border. It costs less. Grish Chunder Dé has reported himself sick, and has been transferred to his own province without any sort of reprimand. He was strong on not having taken over the district."

"Of course," said Tallantire bitterly. "Well, what am I supposed to have done that was wrong?"

"Oh, you will be told that you exceeded all your powers, and should have reported, and written, and advised for three weeks until the Khusru Kheyl could really come down in force. But I don't think the authorities will dare to make a fuss about it. They've had their lesson. Have you seen Curbar's version of the affair? He can't write a report, but he can speak the truth."

"What's the use of the truth? He'd much better tear up the report. I'm sick and heart-broken over it all. It was so utterly unnecessary—except in that it rid us of that Babu."

Entered unabashed Khoda Dad Khan, a stuffed forage-net in his hand, and the troopers behind him.

"May you never be tired!" said he, cheerily. "Well, Sahibs, that was a good fight, and Naim Shah's mother is in debt to you, Tallantire Sahib. A clean cut, they tell me, through jaw, wadded coat, and deep into the collar-bone. Well done! But I speak for the tribe. There has been a fault—a great fault. Thou knowest that I and mine, Tallantire Sahib, kept the oath we swore to Orde Sahib on the banks of the Indus."

"As an Afghan keeps his knife—sharp on one side, blunt on the other," said Tallantire.

"The better swing in the blow, then. But I speak God's truth. Only the Blind Mullah carried the young men on the tip of his tongue, and said that there was no more Border-law because a Bengali had been sent, and we need not fear the English at all. So they came down to avenge that insult and get plunder. Ye know what befell, and how far I helped. Now five score of us are dead or wounded, and we are all shamed and sorry, and desire no further war. Moreover, that ye may better listen to us, we have taken off the head of the Blind Mullah, whose evil counsels have led us to folly. I bring it for proof,"—and he heaved on the floor the head. "He will give no more trouble, for I am chief now, and so I

sit in a higher place at all audiences. Yet there is an offset to this head. That was another fault. One of the men found that black Bengali beast, through whom this trouble arose, wandering on horseback and weeping. Reflecting that he had caused loss of much good life, Alla Dad Khan, whom, if you choose, I will to-morrow shoot, whipped off this head, and I bring it to you to cover your shame, that ye may bury it. See, no man kept the spectacles, though they were of gold!"

Slowly rolled to Tallantire's feet the crop-haired head of a spectacled Bengali gentleman, open-eyed, open-mouthed—the head of Terror incarnate. Bullows bent down. "Yet another blood-fine and a heavy one, Khoda Dad Khan, for this is the head of Debendra Nath, the man's brother. The Babu is safe long since; all but the fools of the Khusru Kheyl know that."

"Well, I care not for carrion. Quick meat for me. The thing was under our hills asking the road to Jumala, and Alla Dad Khan showed him the road to Jehannum, being, as thou sayest, but a fool. Remains now what the Government will do to us. As to the blockade——"

"Who art thou, seller of dog's flesh," thundered Tallantire, "to speak of terms and treaties? Get hence to the hills—go, and wait there starving, till it shall please the Government to call thy people out for punishment—children and fools that ye be! Count your dead, and be still. Rest assured that the Government will send you a *man*!"

"Ay," returned Khoda Dad Khan, "for we also be men." Then, as he looked Tallantire unwinkingly in the eyes, he added:—"And by God, Sahib, may thou be that man!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.